

DC COMICS
VERTIGO
Book 2 of 3

Destiny

A Chronicle of Deaths Foretold

Alisa
Kwitney

+

Kent
Williams

+

Scott
Hampton

K.W

LYVE TO DYE AND



DYE TO LYVE ETERNALLY

BOOK TWO: BLACK DEATH

DESTINY
A CHRONICLE OF DEATHS FORETOLD



Alisa Kwitney
Writer

Kent Williams
Painter + Framing Sequence

Scott Hampton
Painter + Black Death Sequence

Todd Klein
Letterer

OCTOBER
30, 2009.
FROM THE
JOURNAL
OF RUTH
KNIGHT:

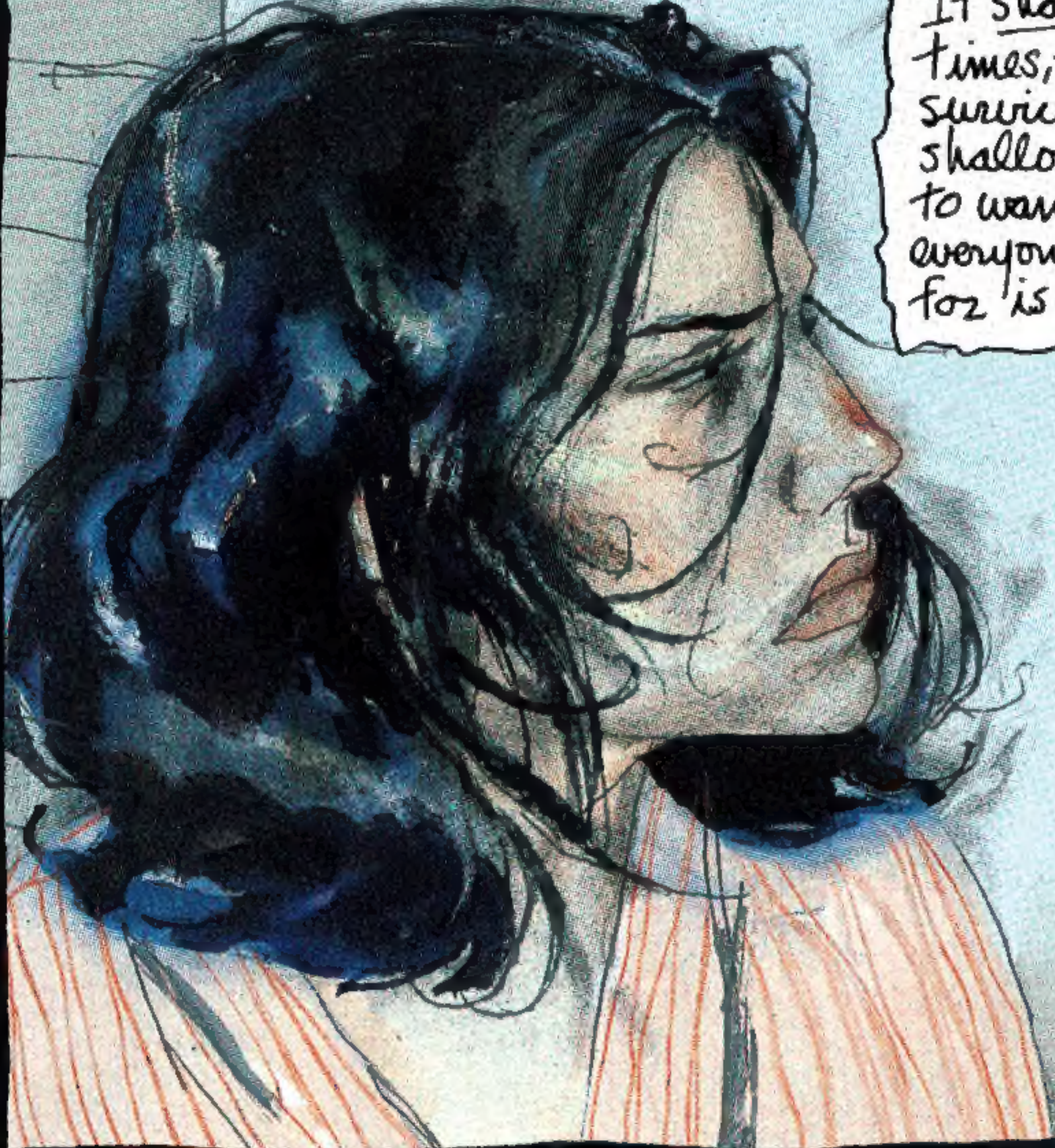
In the seven years since
the coming of the plague,
I have learned how to
live alone.



At first I had the excuse of needing
to bury my loved ones. I washed my
husband's corpse, a task more intimate
than sex. I settled my daughter in her
grave, glad at least that it was me,
and not some rubber-gloved undertaker.

And then they were gone
and there was nothing left
to do. No one to tend. No
one to live for.

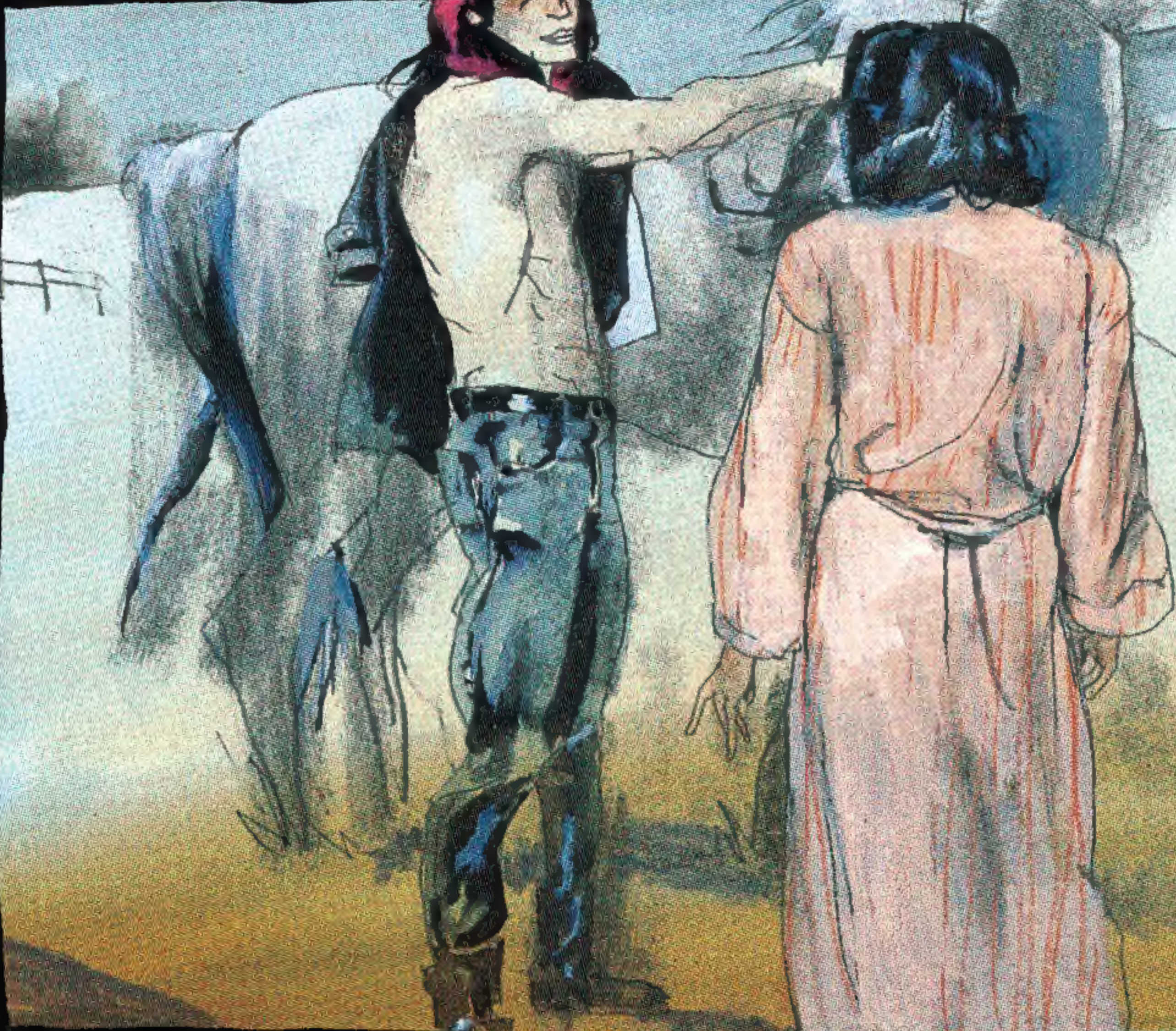
So I learned to get by without reasons.
I have no justification for my existence
anymore. I am nobody's mother, nobody's
wife, nobody's daughter or sister or friend.



It shames me some-
times, this urge to
survive. It seems
shallow and animal,
to want to go on when
everyone I ever cared
for is dead.



And then a stranger
came and talked to
me and made me
remember what it
was like, to discover
the echoes of yourself
in someone else's
story.



I allowed myself to
imagine we were friends.

I permitted myself
to hope for more.

But John Ryder was
just another scavenger.



I don't remember what he said after that. I thought he was going to hurt me.

No. I'm lying. I do remember.



WOULDN'T YOU REALLY RATHER HAVE ME STAY AND TAKE YOUR DEAD HUSBAND'S PLACE IN BED TONIGHT? CLOSE YOUR EYES AND IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER WHO--OR WHAT--IS TOUCHING YOU...

He wanted a horse. Easy transportation. Fresh meat. Portable wealth.

He wanted the only thing in my life that the pestilence hadn't taken.

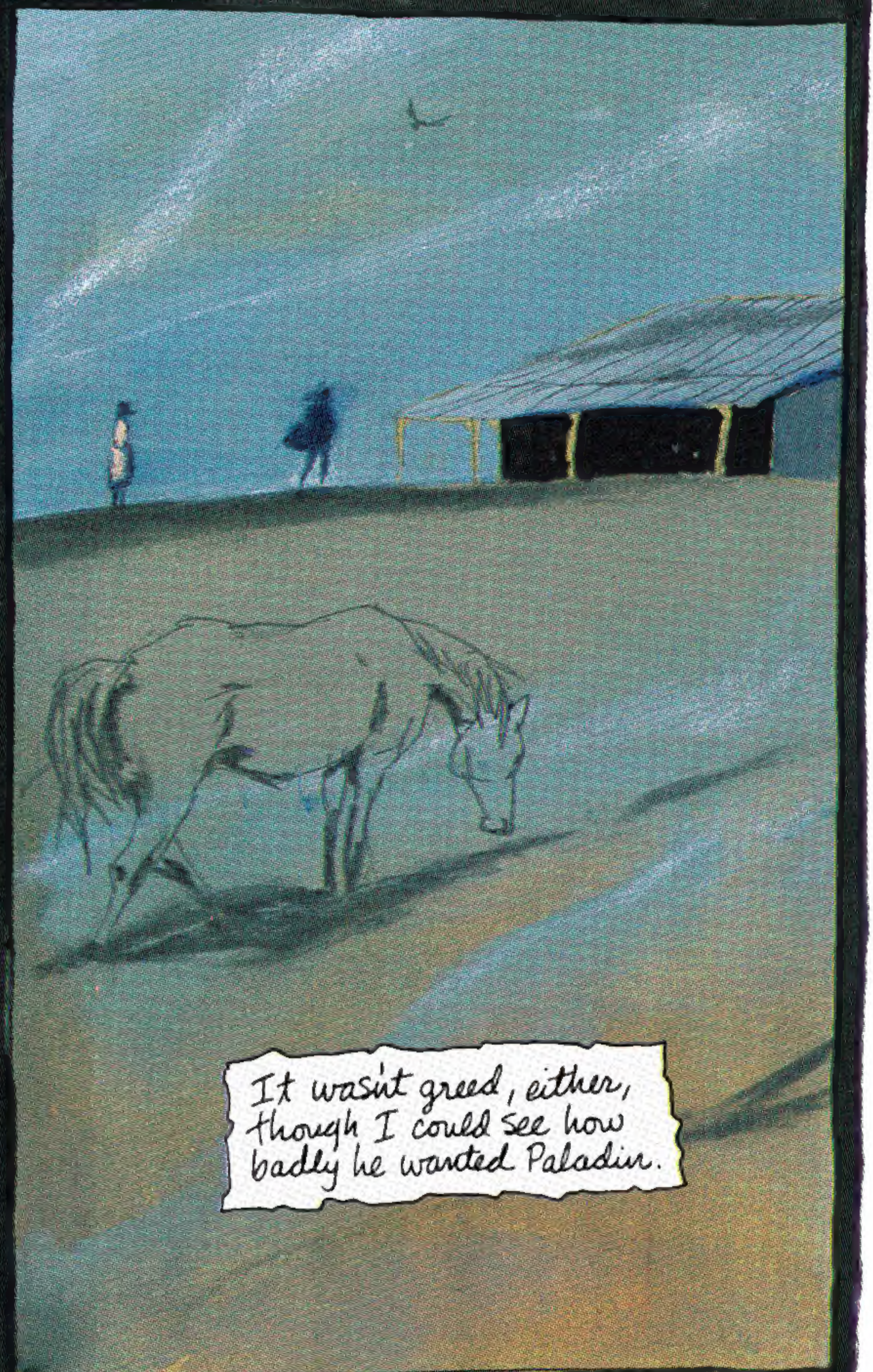
I told him to pack his things and go.



Then suddenly all his rage and contempt seemed to disappear, and in his silence I understood: it wasn't desire that motivated him.



AH, FORGIVE ME, RUTH.



It wasn't greed, either, though I could see how badly he wanted Paladin.

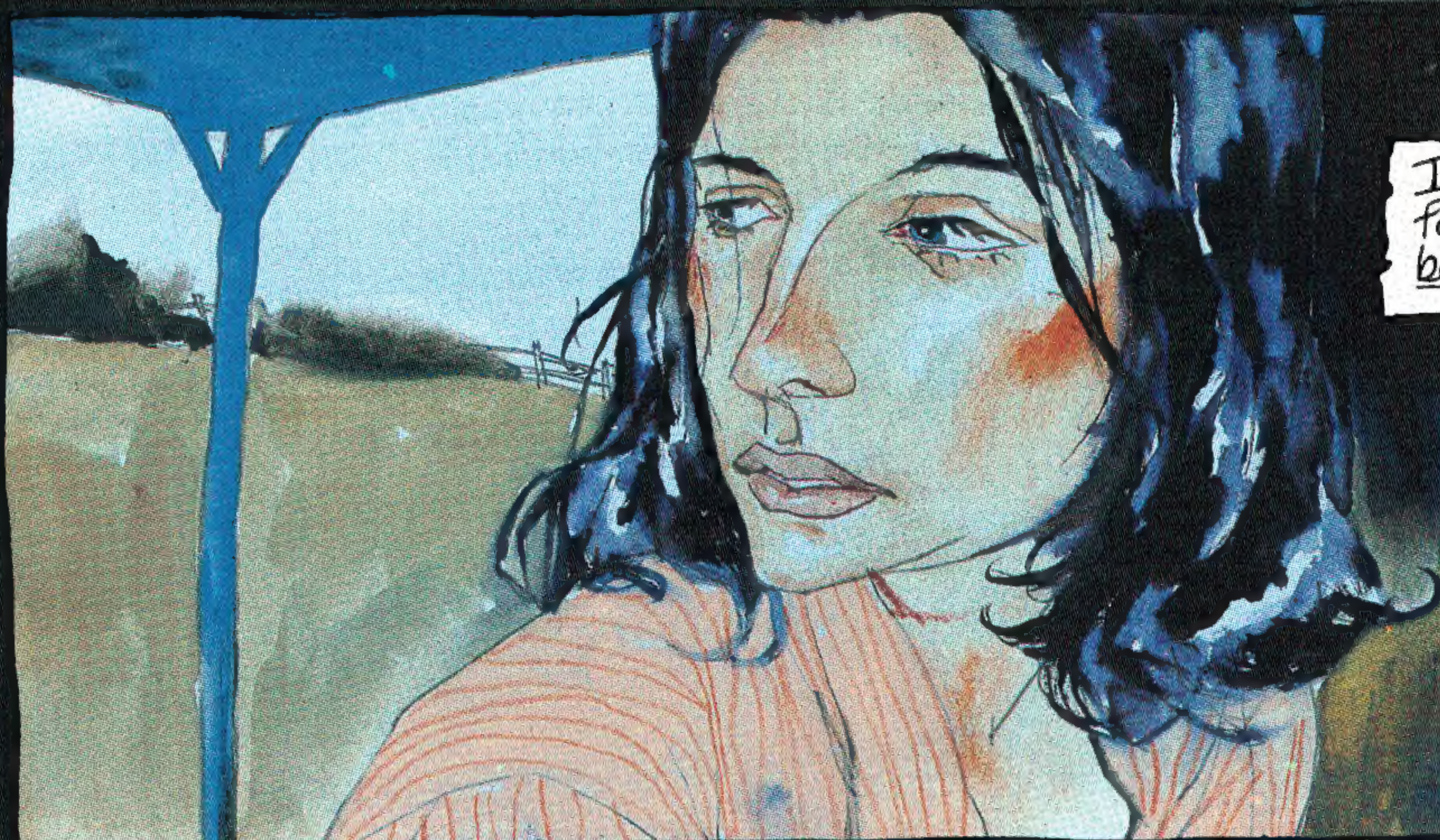
But whatever demons
hounded him were
stronger than desire.



I found him raining
down blows on his own
bare back. The whip he
used wasit from the
stable. It must have
been his own, brought
with him out of that
past he refused to
reveal.



I wondered what sin he atoned
for - whom he had abandoned,
or stolen from, or murdered.



I wondered whose
faith he had
betrayed.

I dreamt of graves and passageways
that night, and smelled the damp
stone smell of dungeons.



I walked in catacombs that were
sweet with the dust of old bones.



I saw someone there among
the legions of the dead. A
hooded figure dressed in
gray. A monk, perhaps.



I came awake to the
sound of quiet
weeping.

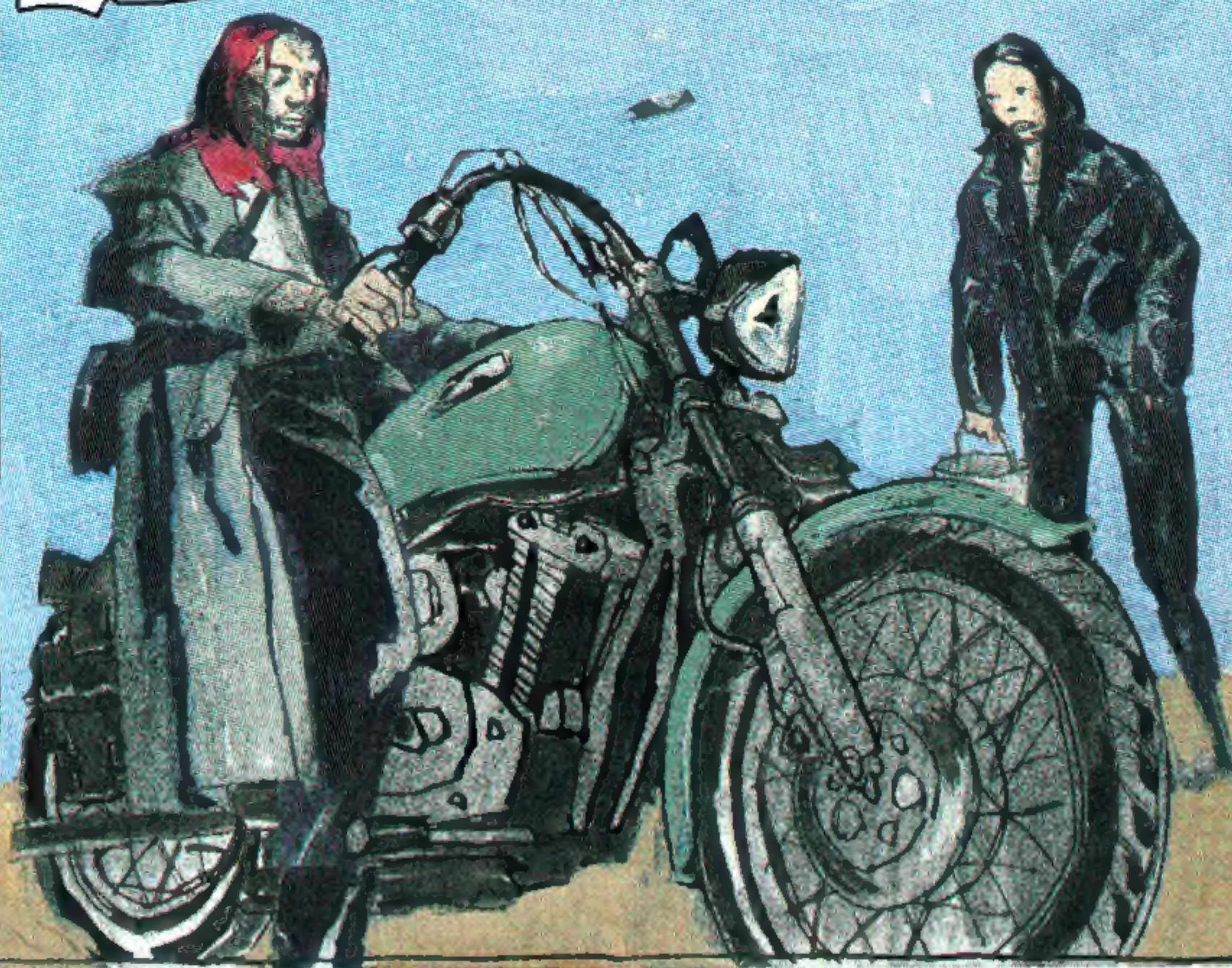


At the time when Ryder laid
his head on my lap, I thought
of him as a penitent knight.



But now I see that
he was merely a
sorrowing child.

The next morning Ryder asked me if I would accompany him to the Boyles' house, to listen to the next installment of his "Book of Destiny."



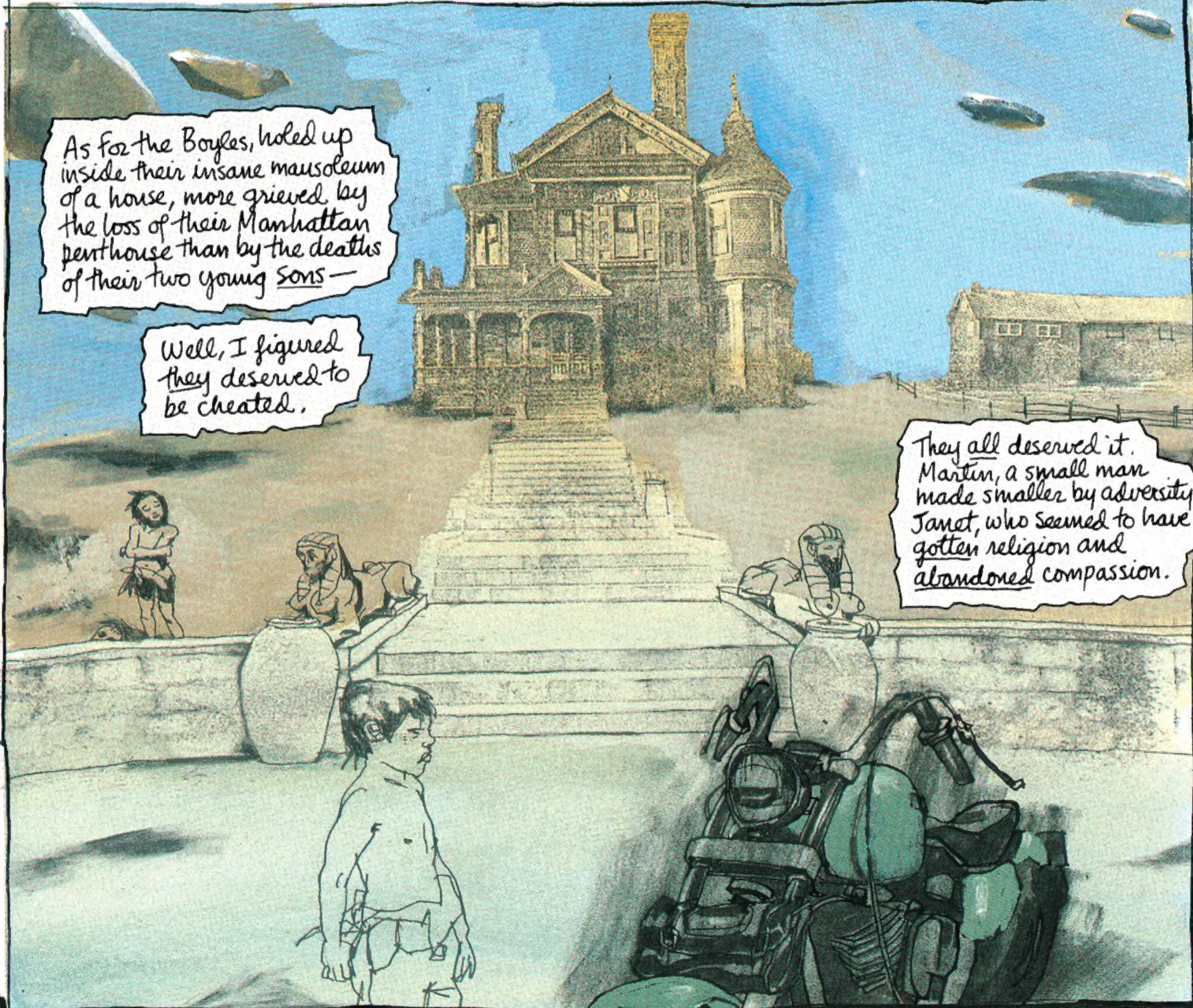
I told him there wasn't any point.

Whatever his scam was, I wasn't buying it.



As for the Boyles, holed up inside their insane mausoleum of a house, more grieved by the loss of their Manhattan penthouse than by the deaths of their two young sons —

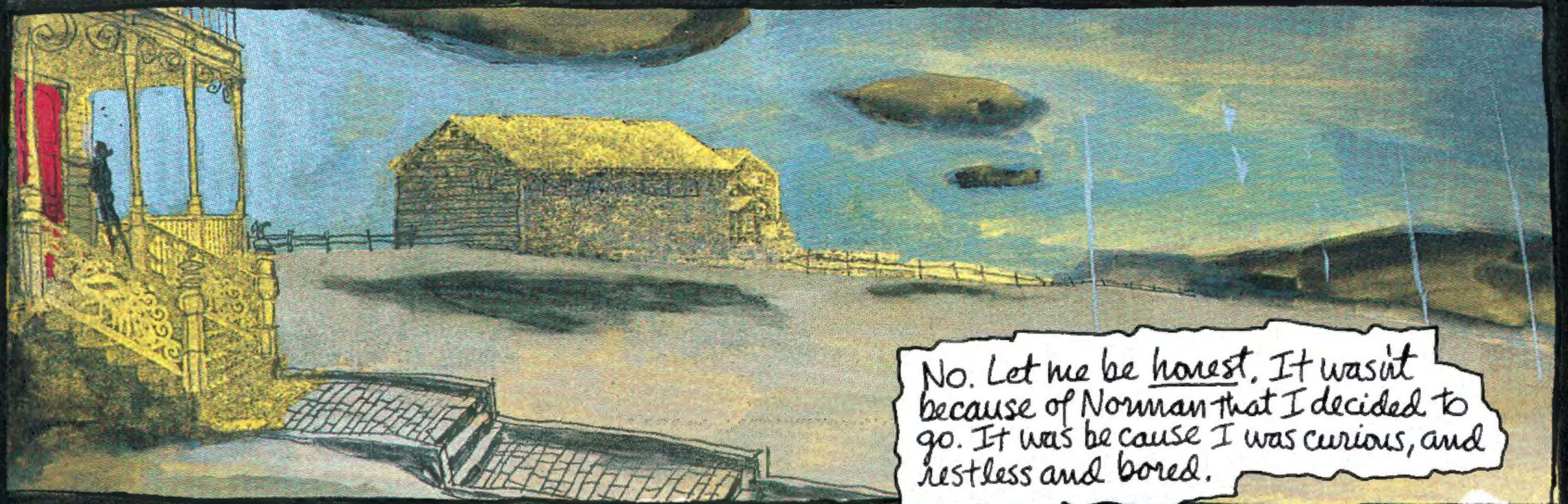
Well, I figured they deserved to be cheated.



They all deserved it. Martin, a small man made smaller by adversity; Janet, who seemed to have gotten religion and abandoned compassion.

And then I thought about Norman, who was the closest thing I had to a friend.





No. Let me be honest. It wasn't because of Norman that I decided to go. It was because I was curious, and restless and bored.



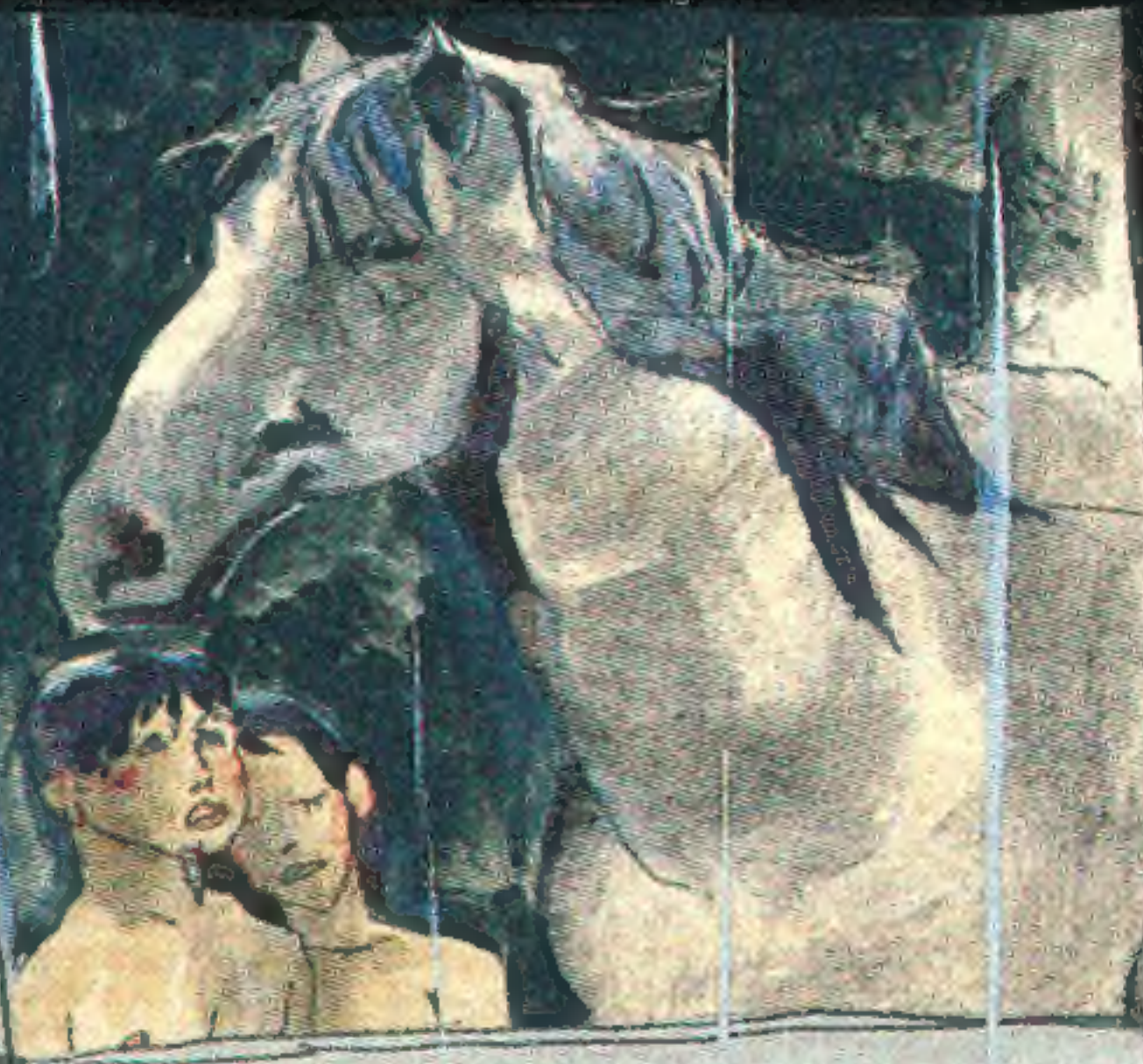
YOU CAME.

For a moment, all I saw was how pleased Ryder was to see me.

WHERE DID YOU STABLE PALADIN?

But only for a moment.

Yet in the end, it didn't matter.



As Ryder began to read I felt myself drifting into a fantasy of another place, another time, and I believe I would have forgiven him anything, so grateful was I for this chance to escape my life for an hour.



"Where shall he wander, whither shall he ride?
To Canterbury town, to see the child bride.
What shall he bring her, now that day is done?
A gift of gravest chivalry, fall's bitter dark plum."
—The Destiny Scroll

THE BOOK OF DESTINY,
GRIMOIRE PUBLISHERS,
GREAT BRITAIN, 1899:

It was late summer in the year
of Our Lord 1348, when King Edward III
brought his court to Canterbury, and the
glorious day of the High Middle Ages
was, indeed, almost done.

But while Edward led his household
to one of their favourite castles, it was
still the once upon a time of fairy tales.

England's ancient wood maintained some
small dominion over the land; damsels
could yet be found in tower chambers
weaving tapestry unicorns and singing
madrigals.

With a warrior king to guide her, England
had grown strong. Even to her own armies, it
seemed incredible that the backward child of
Europe was finally powerful enough to
challenge the might of France.



But Edward, whose mother had been a French princess, meant to annex a bit of France's glory as he laid claim to some of its lands.

Squat saxon churches gave way to elegant gothic cathedrals: the dank, inhospitable castles of an earlier age were refurbished with the trappings of luxury and wealth.

The inspiration for all this, however, sprang from *English* history. Edward desired another Camelot, complete with an elite, chivalric brotherhood of knights.

Toward this end, the king proposed a series of tournaments to test his men's skills: the best among them would be admitted into the Order of the Garter, a battlefield aristocracy to fight the French.

Even as Edward's knights prepared for the ceremonious dangers of the tilting ground, a *new* enemy was nearing England's shores.

But a foul wind was blowing that year, and the stench of death rode those storms of August.

It had no name as yet. Centuries later, when men looked back at the corpse-strewn continent and mourned, it would be called the Black Death.



In its own time it was simply known as *Pestilence*: one of the four horsemen who shall dismantle the world.

HERE WE ARE, THEN. DOVER CASTLE, THE FINEST OF ALL MY HOLDINGS. WHAT SAY YOU TO A WARM BED INDOORS, MY SON?

I SAY ANOTHER NIGHT ON THE GROUND AND ROOTS WOULD SPROUT FROM MY BACKSIDE.

WHAT'S THIS? COMPLAINTS FROM A KNIGHT WHILST THE LADIES SUFFER IN SILENCE?

WITH RESPECT, SIRE--THE LADIES ARE USED TO ROUGH TREATMENT ON THEIR BACKS.

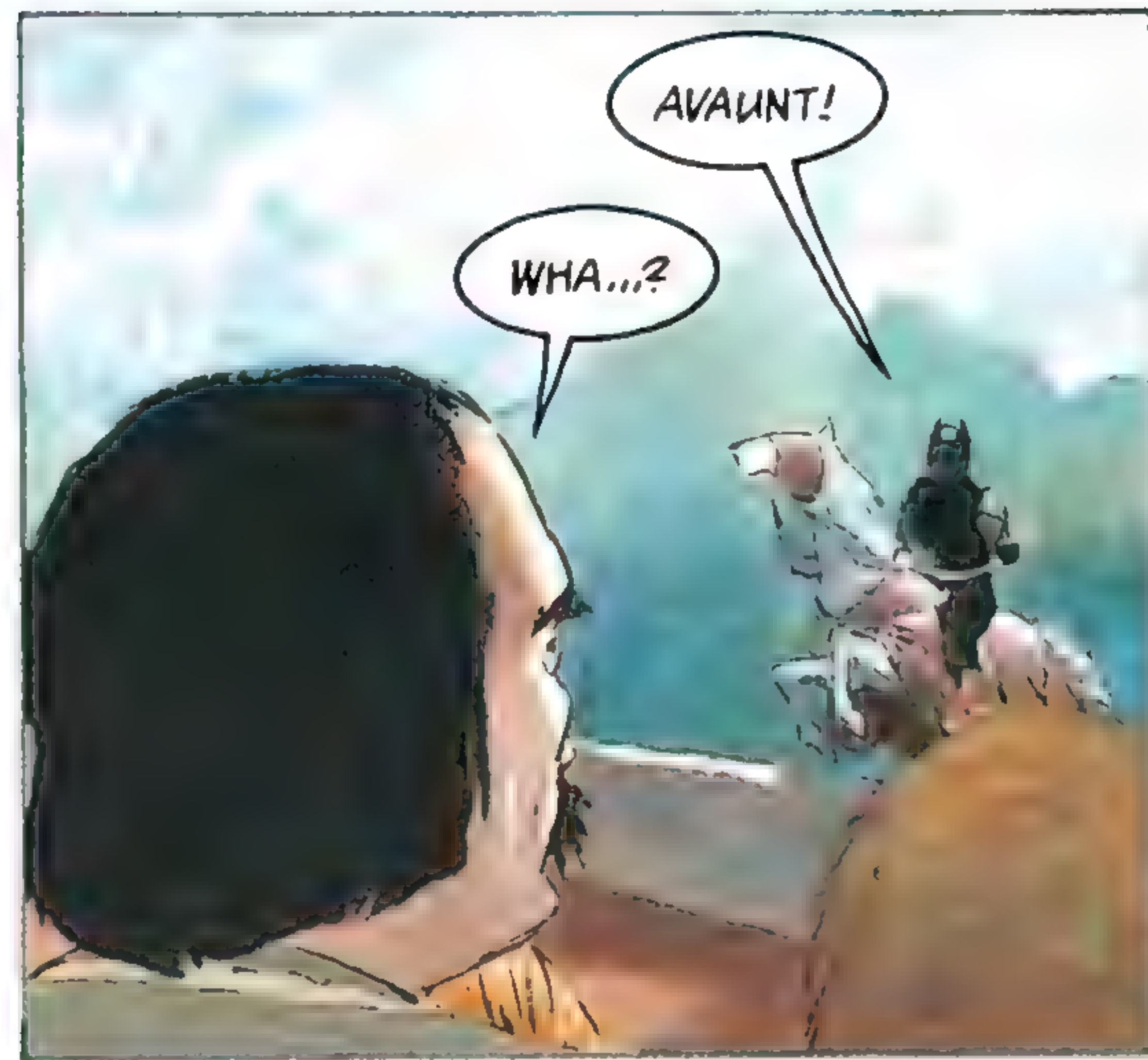
CONFOUND THEM. I CANNOT HEAR A WORD THEY SAY.

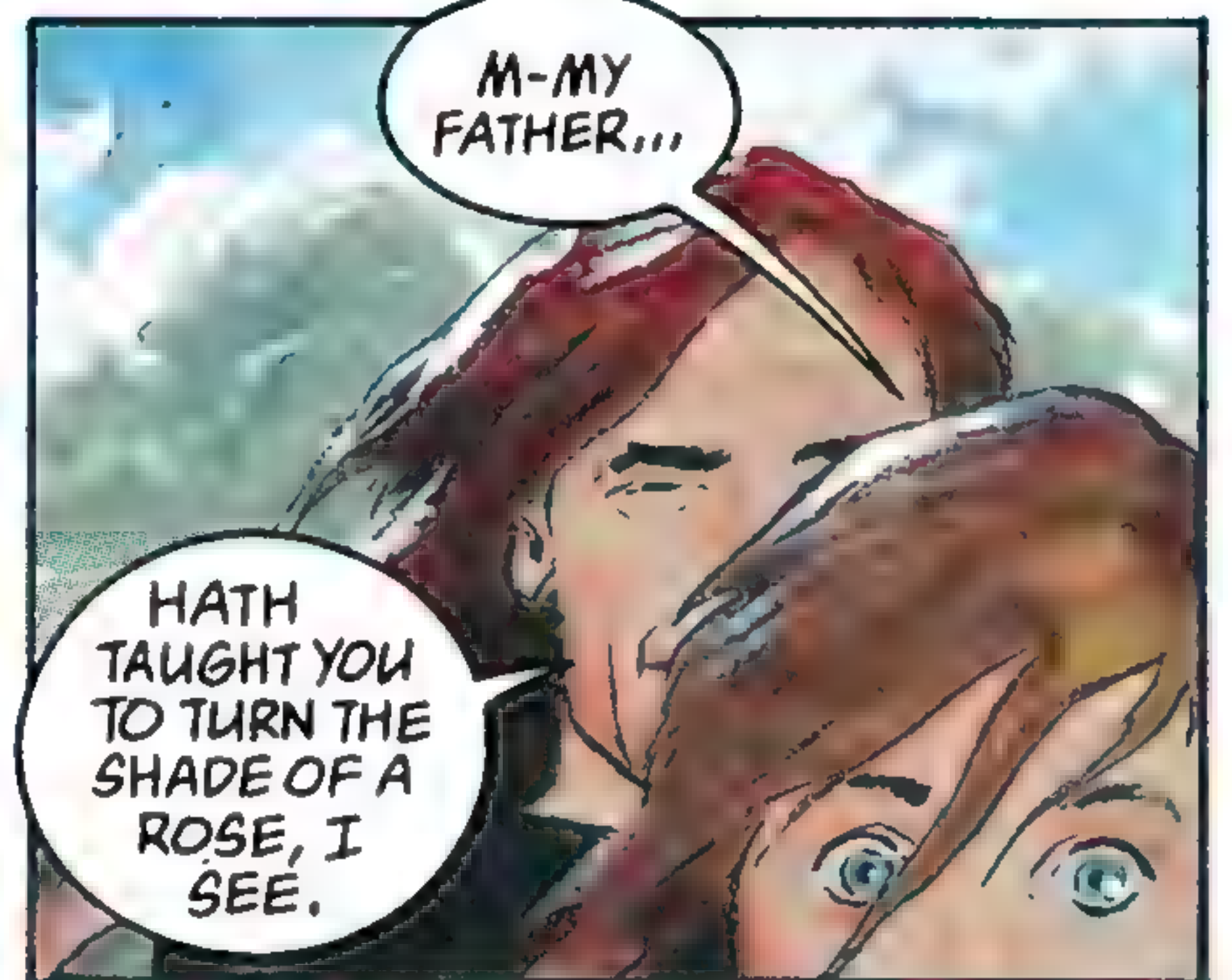
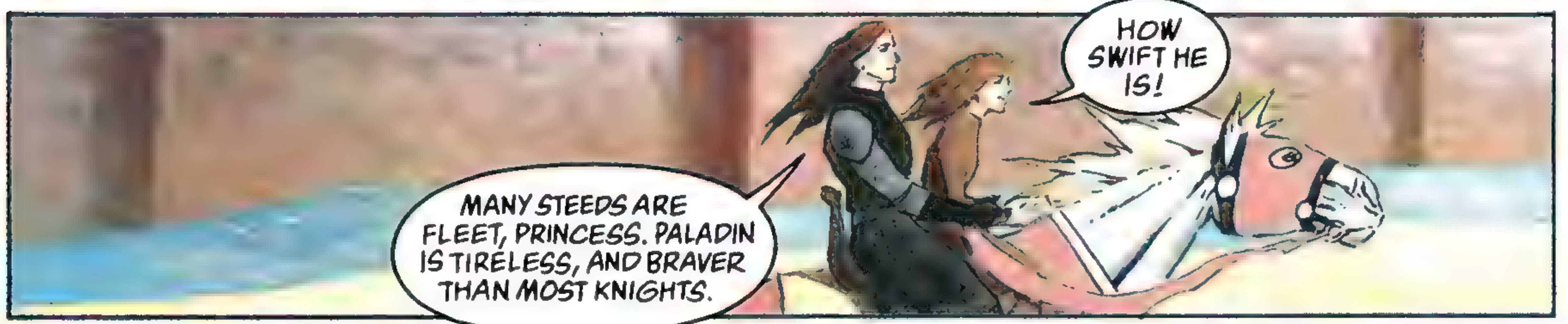
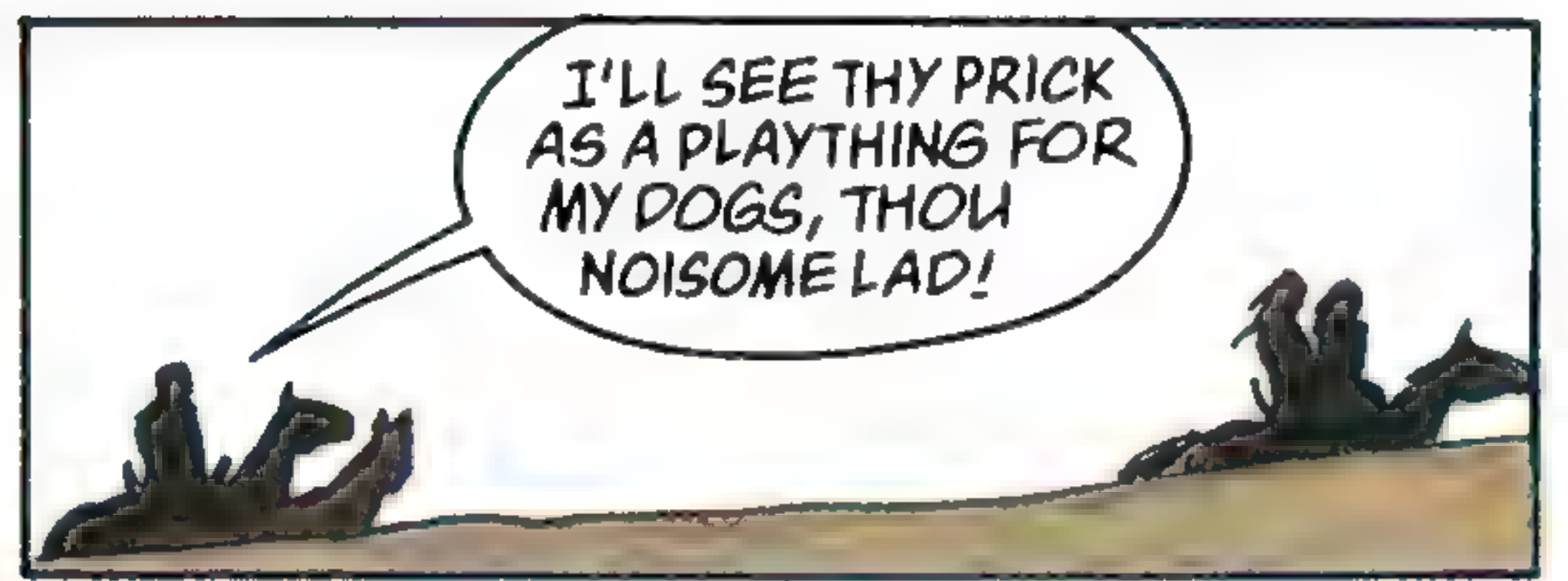
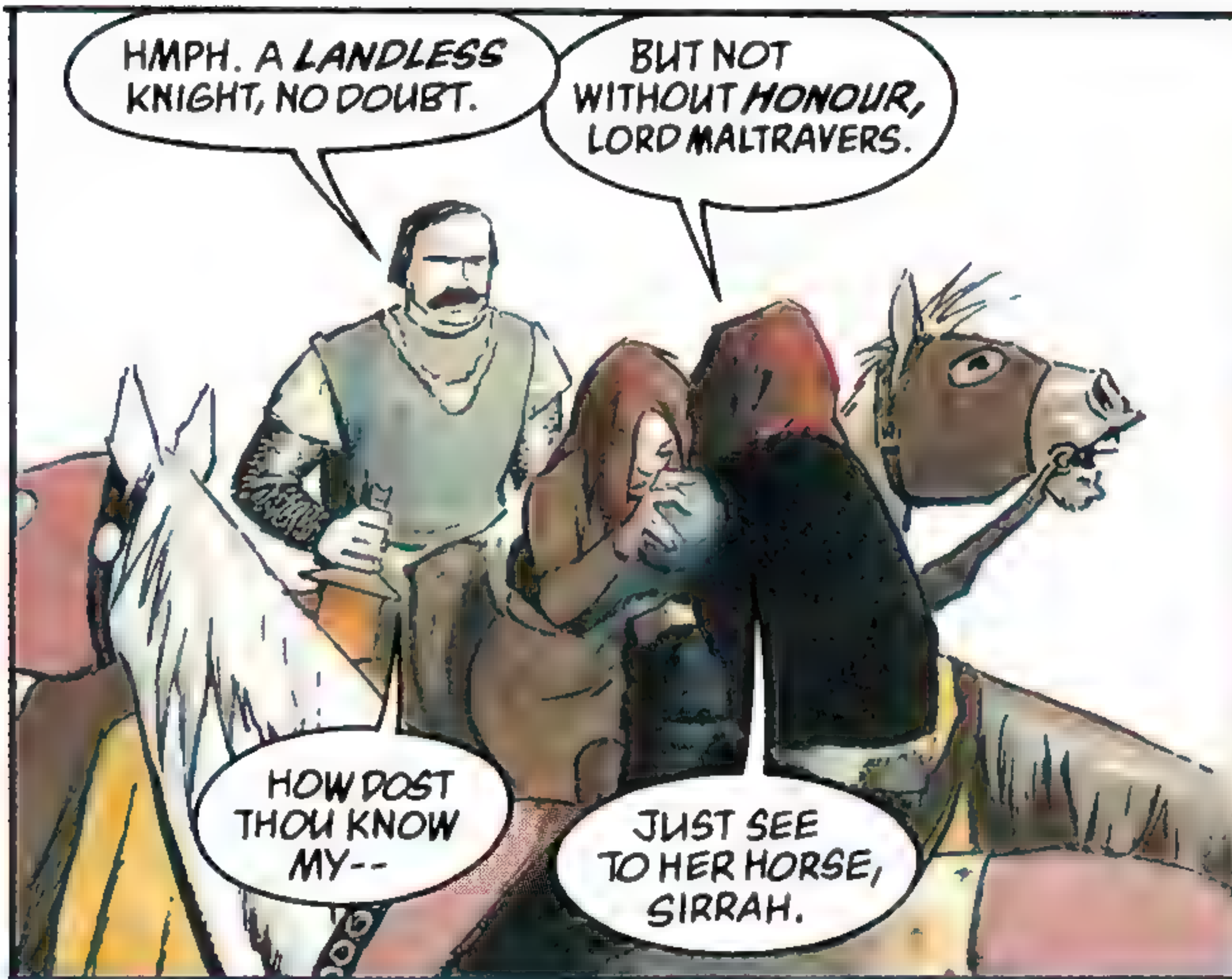
PERHAPS 'TIS NOT FIT FOR WOMAN'S EARS.

IF 'TIS NOT FIT FOR OUR REARS, THEN 'TIS CERTAIN TO FIT SOME OTHER OF OUR PARTS, MILORD.

I WILL DISCOVER IT.

AND YOU, LITTLE JOANNE--ARE YOU NOT CURIOUS OF THE WAYS OF MEN?







OH, TELL US WHO IT IS! IS IT SIR GEOFFREY? OR THE HANDSOME MARGRAVE?

WHAT NONSENSE YOU PRATTLE, ALISOUN. I FAVOUR **NO** MAN ABOVE ANY OTHER.

TILL MY FATHER SHALL ARRANGE A MARRIAGE FOR ME, I REMAIN CHASTE IN THOUGHT AS WELL AS DEED.

TILL THE KING SHALL CHOOSE YOU **ANOTHER** HUSBAND, DO YOU MEAN?



FOR WAS IT NOT LAST YEAR THAT YOU WERE TO WED THAT COUNT FROM FLANDERS, LOUIS DE MALE?



HE RAN AWAY, DID HE NOT, AND MARRIED-- NOW, WHO WAS IT? MARGARET OF SOMETHING OR OTHER.

'TIS SAID SHE IS NOT SO FAIR AS YOU, BUT SHE **IS** FROM FLANDERS. THERE WAS EVEN A SONG WRITTEN ABOUT IT: I RECALL 'T WAS **WONDERFUL** SAD.

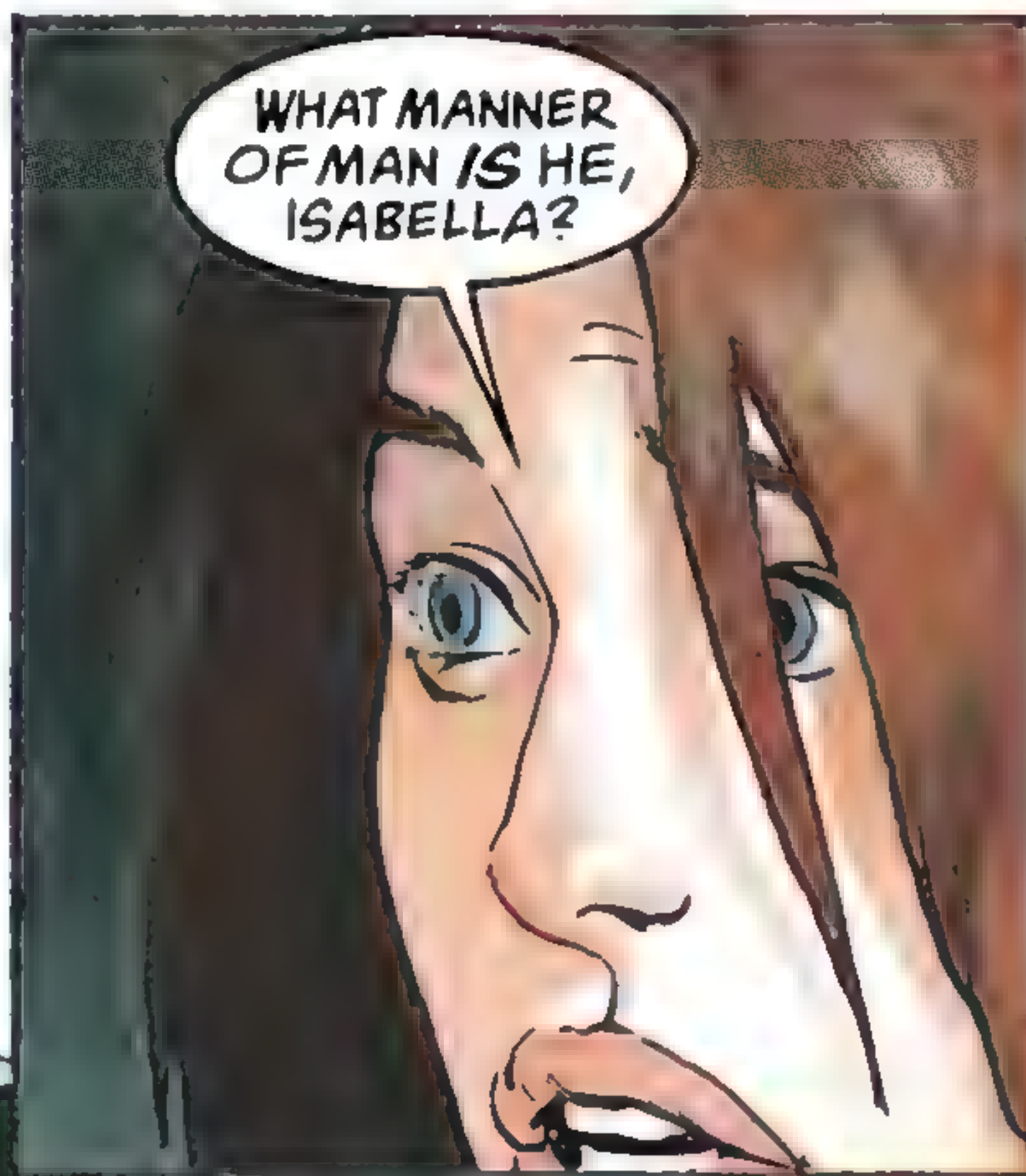
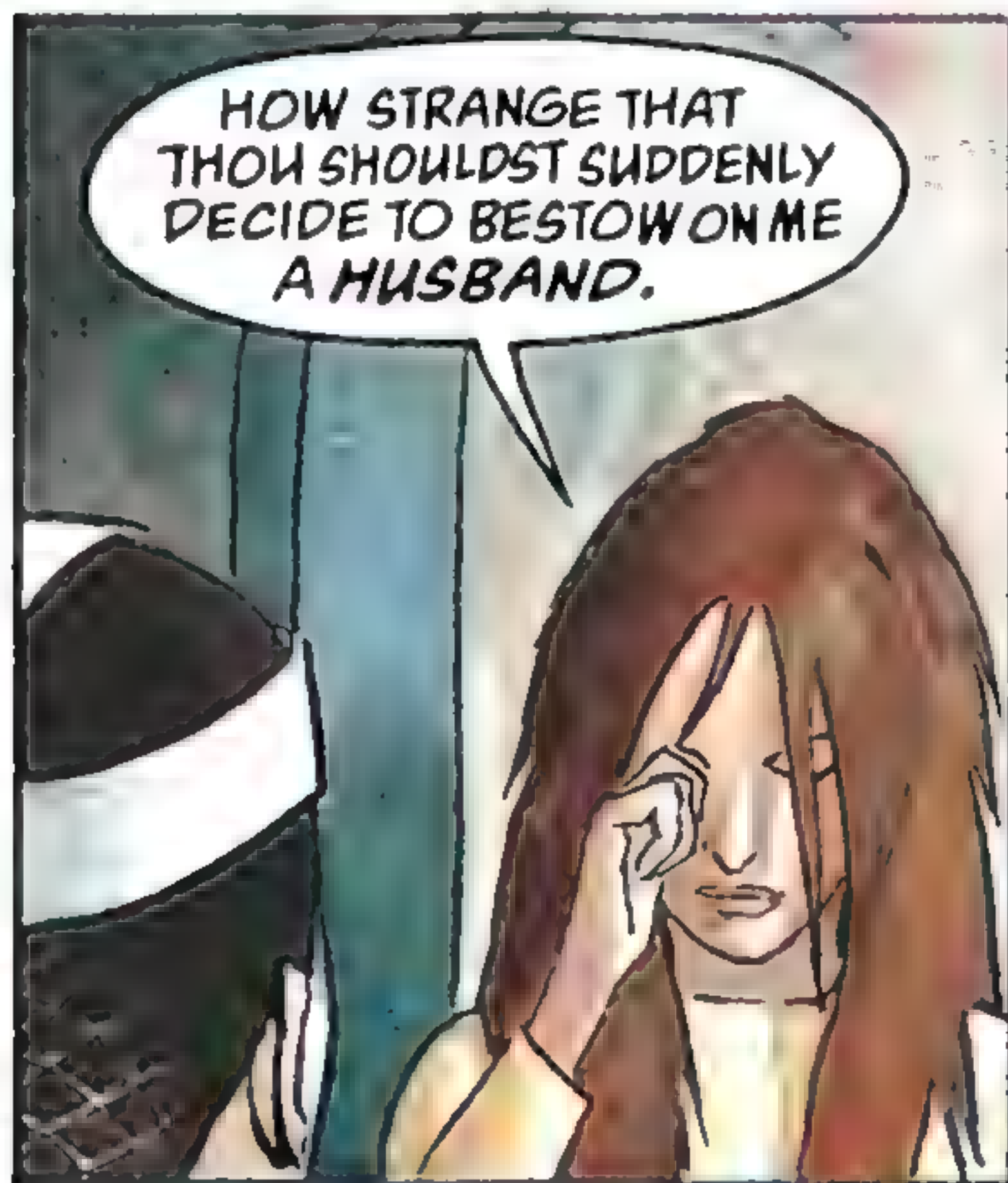


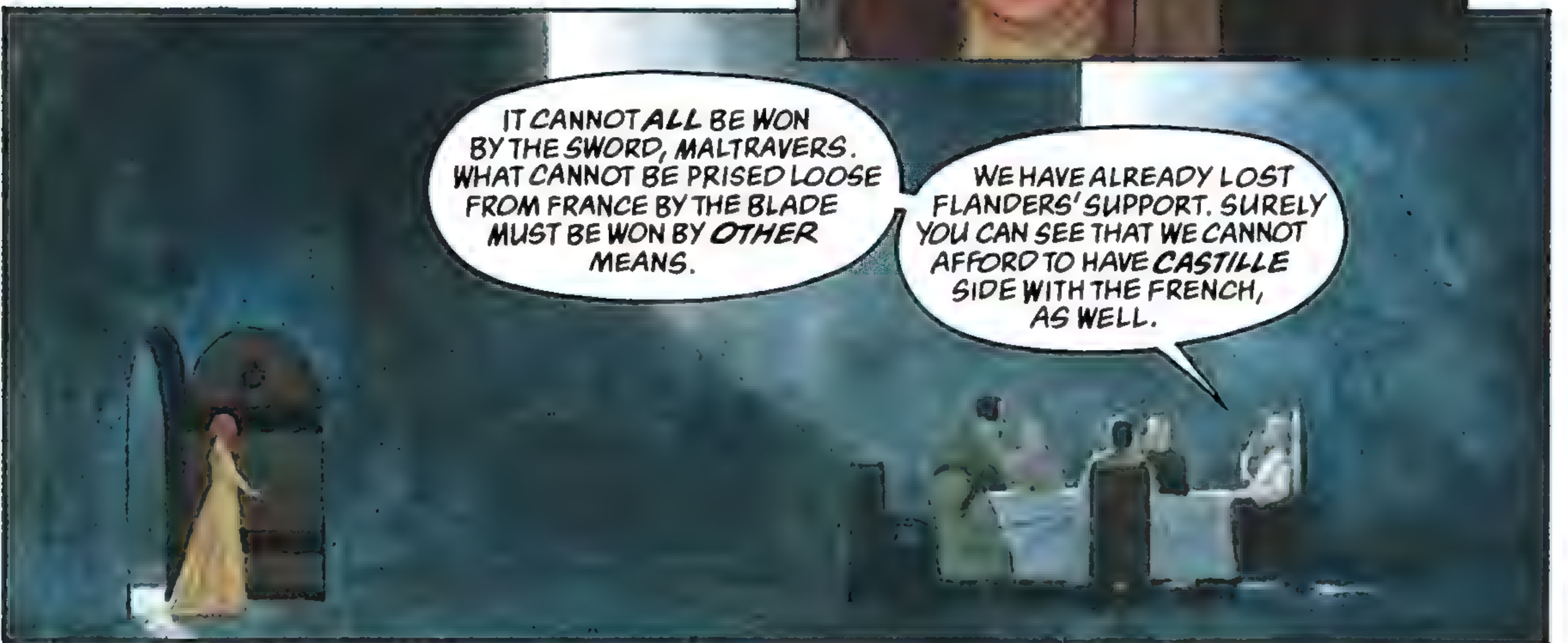
MY HEART IS  BROKEN, ALL IS MISERY, I HAVE LOST HIM WHOSE  LOVE I WAS GIVEN  TO BE!!!

SHUT UP! WRETCHED GIRL.



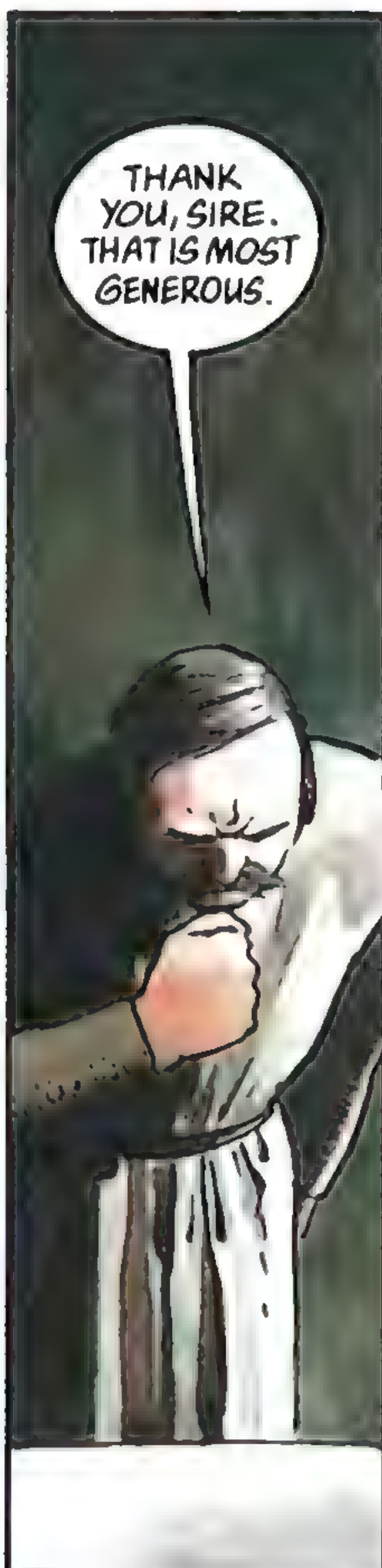


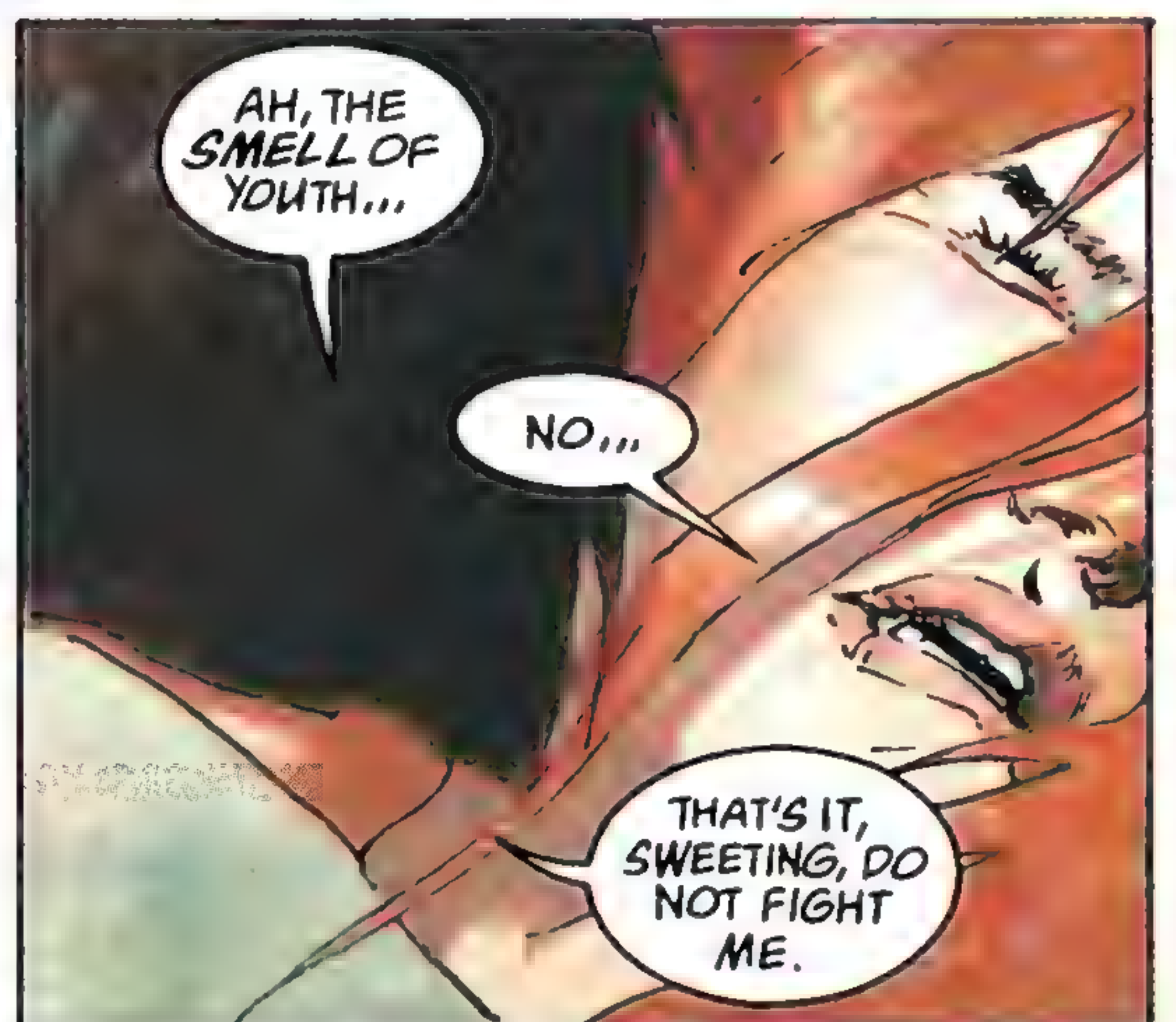




IT CANNOT **ALL** BE WON
BY THE **SWORD**, MALTRAVERS.
WHAT CANNOT BE PRISED LOOSE
FROM FRANCE BY THE **BLADE**
MUST BE WON BY **OTHER**
MEANS.

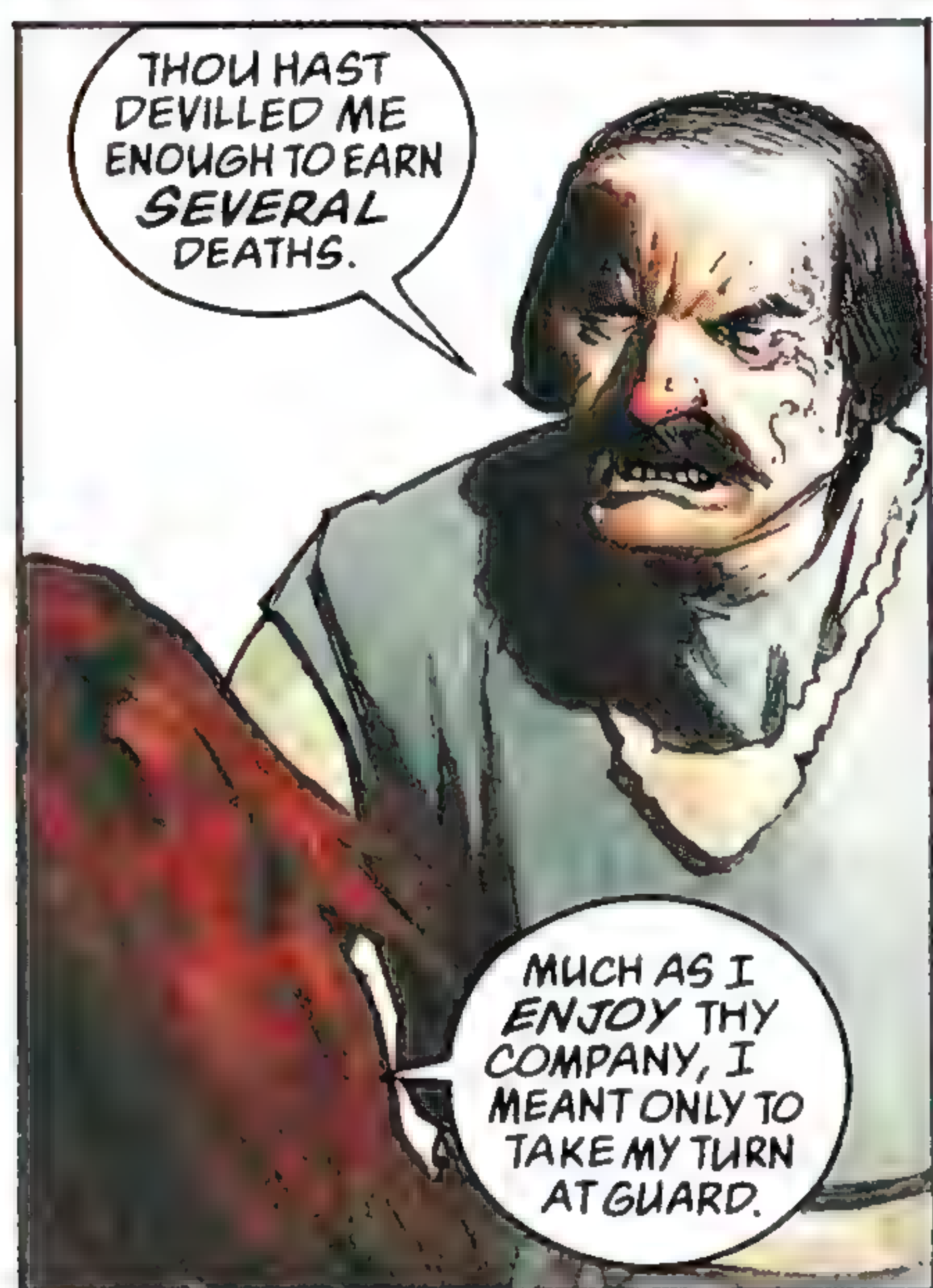
WE HAVE ALREADY LOST
FLANDERS' SUPPORT. SURELY
YOU CAN SEE THAT WE CANNOT
AFFORD TO HAVE **CASTILLE**
SIDE WITH THE FRENCH,
AS WELL.







AH, BUT 'TIS
I WHO OFFER
THE *FIGHT*,
MALTRAVERS.



THOU HAST
DEVILLED ME
ENOUGH TO EARN
SEVERAL
DEATHS.

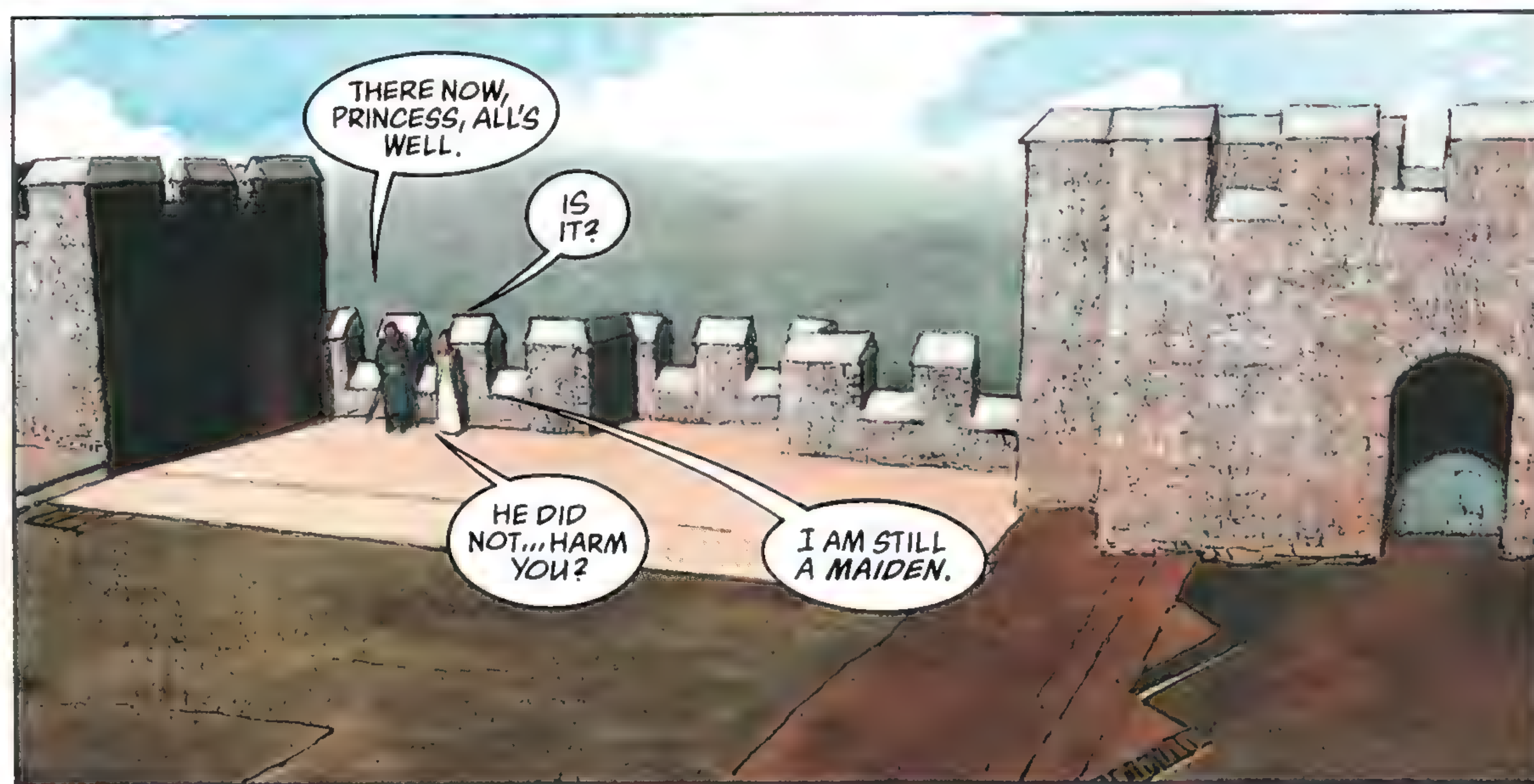
MUCH AS I
ENJOY THY
COMPANY, I
MEANT ONLY TO
TAKE MY TURN
AT GUARD.



LEAVE,
OR BLEED.



HER FATHER WILL NOT
GIVE HER TO A *LANDLESS*
KNIGHT, YOU KNOW. AND
BETTER *ME* THAN THE
SAVAGE *SHIT* HER
FATHER'S CHOSEN.



THERE NOW,
PRINCESS, ALL'S
WELL.

IS
IT?

HE DID
NOT...HARM
YOU?

I AM STILL
A MAIDEN.



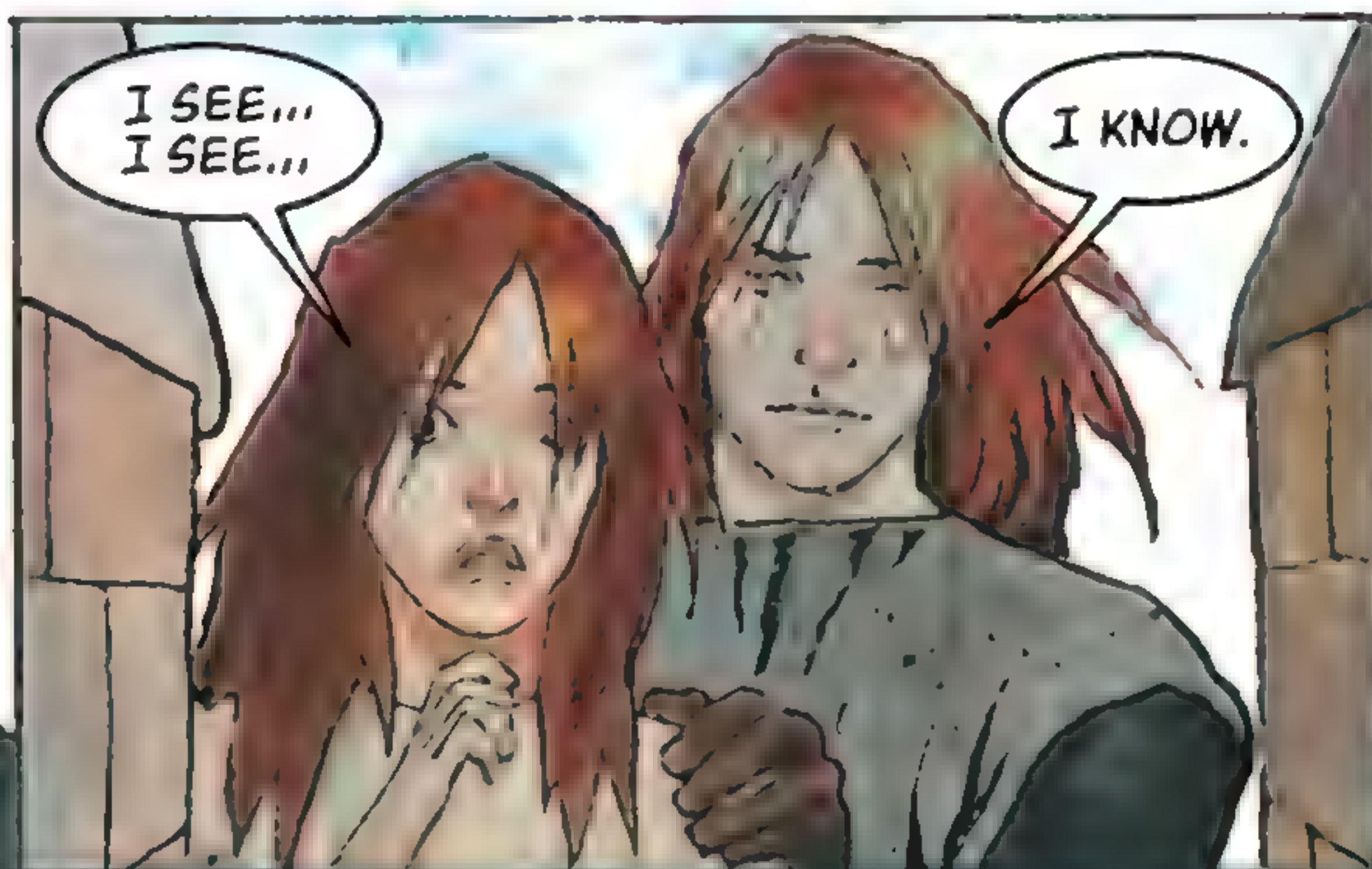
DO YOU KNOW, SIR,
I HAVE NEVER BEEN UP
HERE BEFORE. WHAT A
LOVELY THING, TO PERCH
ABOVE THE WORLD
LIKE AN EAGLE.

THAT MUST
BE MY SISTER DOWN
THERE, YET SHE
LOOKS AS TINY
AS...



AH!

WHAT
IS IT?



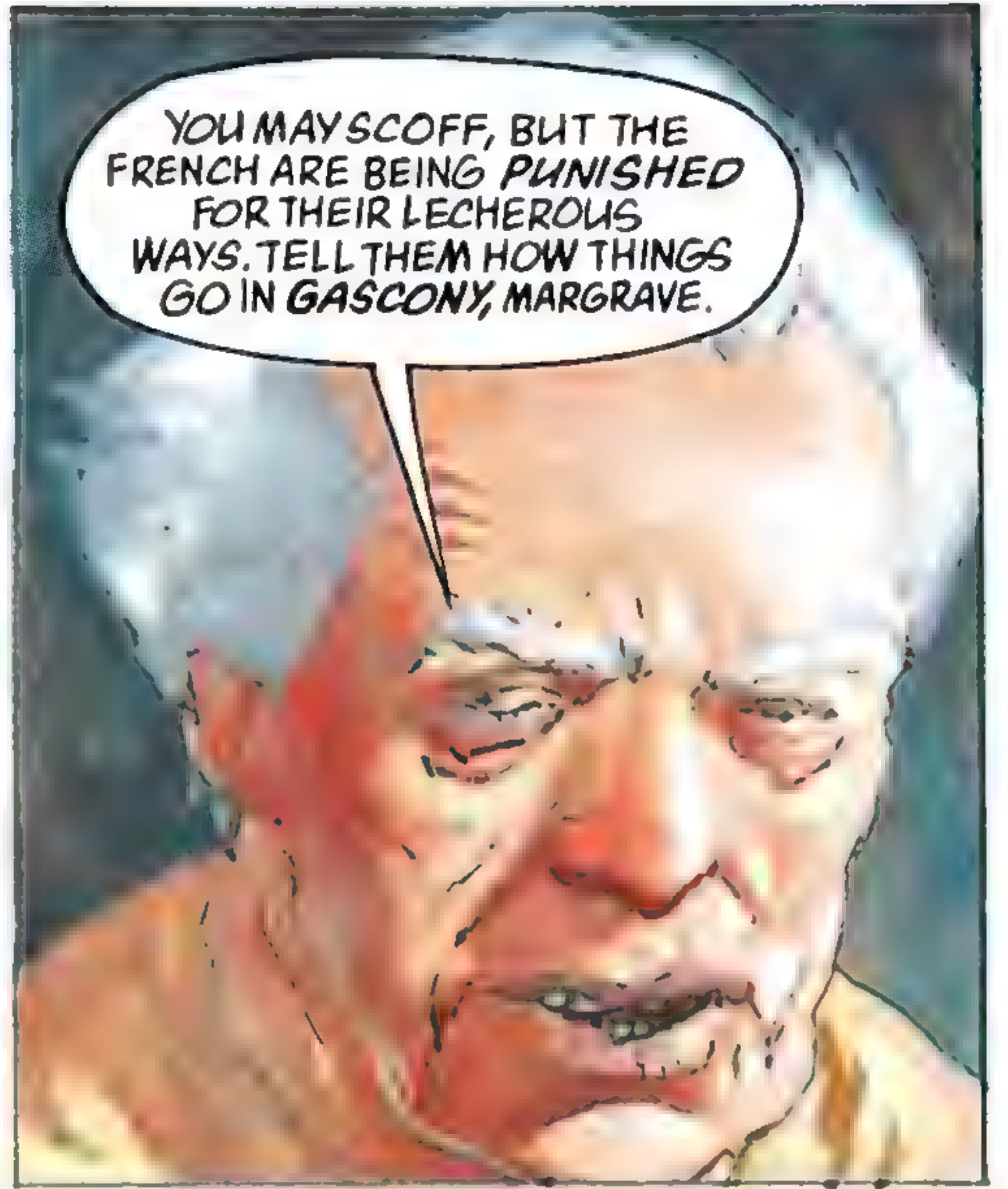
I SEE...
I SEE...

I KNOW.



"YOU SEE WHAT
I SEE, JOANNE.
THE COMING OF
AUTUMN."







AND IN THAT COUNTRY, PRINCESS, PETRARCH'S BELOVED LAURA LIES IN A COMMON GRAVE.

THERE ARE MORE **CORPSES** IN FLORENCE THAN THERE ARE **LIVING BEINGS** IN LONDON. IN ROME ITSELF, PRIESTS ABANDON THE DYING.



THE DEATHS OF **STRANGERS** IN **DISTANT** PLACES DO NOT TOUCH ME, SIR KNIGHT, SO MUCH AS THE TRAVAILS OF **ENGLISHMEN** ON **ENGLISH SOIL**.



THEN YOU **WILL** BE TOUCHED, ISABELLA, FOR THIS DEATH IS **COMING** AND NONE MAY STOP IT.



LET ME **DISEMBOWEL** HIM!

PEACE, MALTRAVERS. LET **ISABELLA** CHOOSE HER **CHAMPION**.



I CHOOSE MYSELF.

WHAP

AS THOU HAST
TAKEN OUR COMPANY'S
LIGHT MOOD AND MADE
IT GRIM, I CHALLENGE
THEE TO ENTERTAIN
US.

YOUR WISH,
PRINCESS, IS MY
COMMAND.

THE BOOK OF DESTINY,
GRIMOIRE PUBLISHERS,
GREAT BRITAIN, 1899:

The melody he played had
something of Byzantium
in it, a song of strong
sunlight and hidden
courtyards.

It was the song of a forgotten
world, and these royal *barbarians*
heard the ghosts in it,
and shivered.

Why did he play it so? It is said no
instrument can mock like a flute.



Yet it is also true no
other music *mourns*
more softly.





"OF THE KIND EVE PLUCKED
AND OFFERED ADAM."

OH, GET
YOU GONE,
JOANNE.

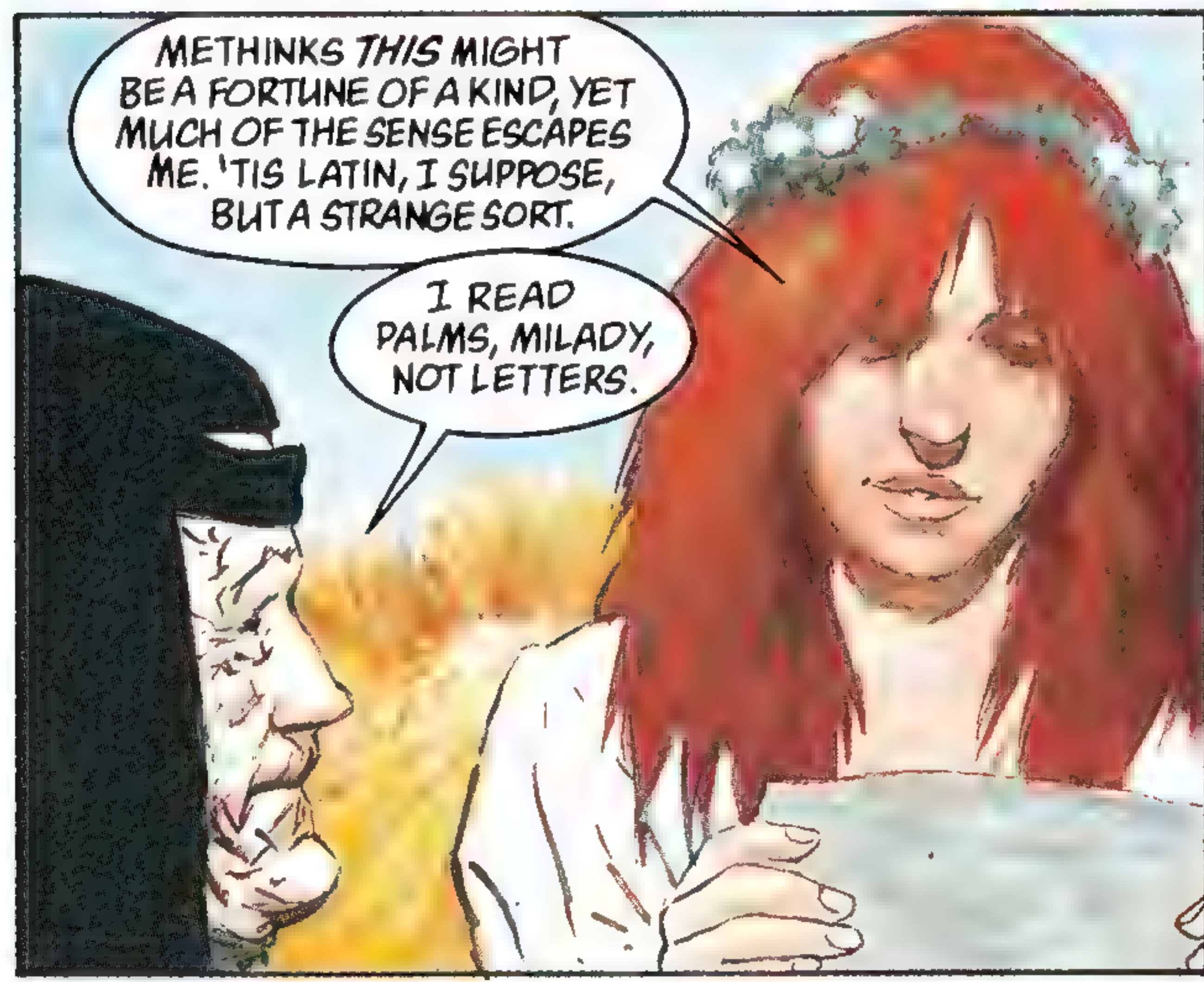
BUT OUR LADY
MOTHER SAID I WAS
NOT TO LEAVE YOU
ALONE WITH,,,

YOU CALL
THIS ALONE?
'TIS HARVEST
FAIR!

AND IN ALL TRUTH,
THE JEWEL YOU WERE TOLD
TO PROTECT WAS LONG SINCE
LOST BY ME.

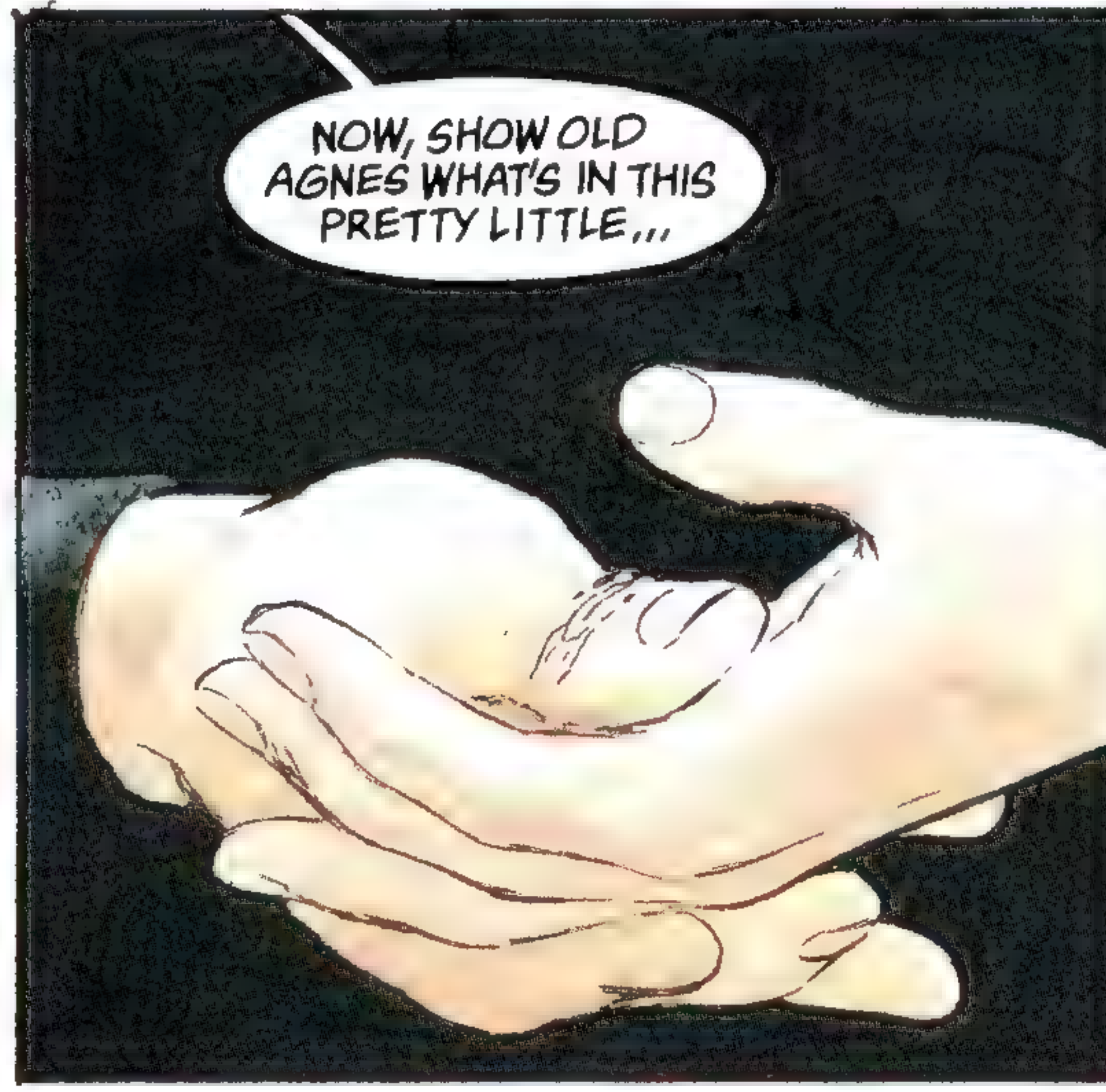


IF YE'LL FORGIVE
ME, MILADY, YE LOOKS
LIKE ONE THAT NEEDS
A FORTUNE TOLD.

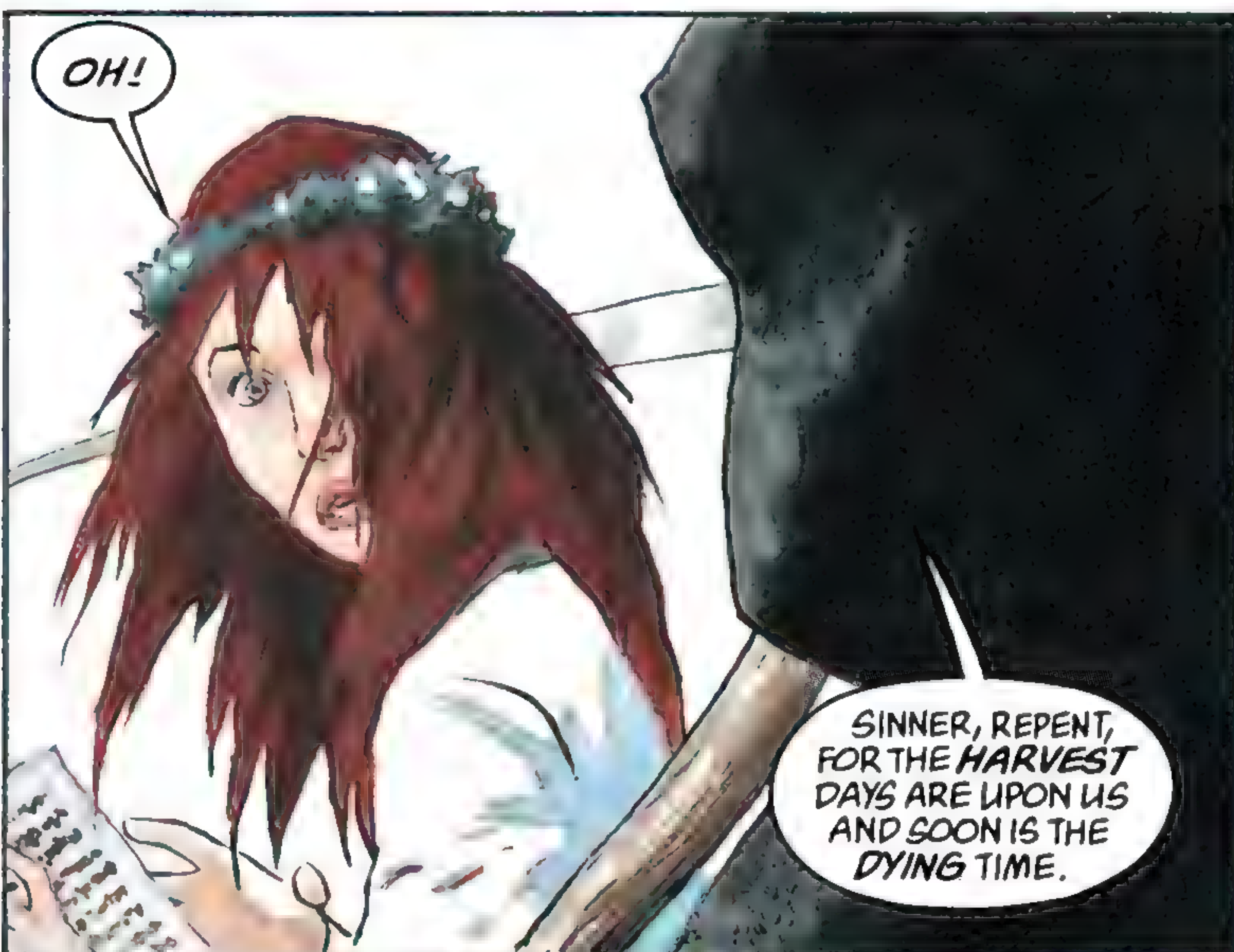


METHINKS THIS MIGHT
BE A FORTUNE OF A KIND, YET
MUCH OF THE SENSE ESCAPES
ME. 'TIS LATIN, I SUPPOSE,
BUT A STRANGE SORT.

I READ
PALMS, MILADY,
NOT LETTERS.



NOW, SHOW OLD
AGNES WHAT'S IN THIS
PRETTY LITTLE,,,





"BUT THOU ART **NOT** THE REAPER. THOU ART ONLY POOR MARTIN FLETCHER, AND HAST GIVEN OFFENSE TO A **LADY**."



"LEAVE YER FRIEND BE, LAD. THE GIRL HATH GOOD **CAUSE** TO FEAR. THE DEATH THAT **WAITS** ON HER IS NOT LIKE ANY DEATH OLD AGNES EVER SAW."



OH BLESSED VIRGIN PLEASE PROTECT ME...



AHH!



HOW ODD... I THOUGHT TO GREET YOUR SISTER. BUT NO, IT IS YOUR NAME INSCRIBED HERE AFTER ALL.

WELCOME TO
MY GARDEN, YOUNGEST
DAUGHTER OF THE
KING.





I AM NO PRIEST.



OH, PLEASE, DO NOT TAKE ME-- I DO NOT WANT TO DIE UNSHRIVEN!

I AM NOT DEATH, JOANNE.



YOU'RE NOT?

I AM DESTINY, AND I... CAN YOU NOT RELEASE MY ROBE, GIRL?



OH, I AM SORRY. I WAS JUST SO FRIGHTENED.

WHY FEAR THE UNKNOWN MORE THAN THE KNOWN? WITH THE FORMER, THERE IS HOPE.



GIVE ME THAT PARCHMENT, KING'S DAUGHTER, AND HOPE CAN BE YOURS AGAIN.





The plague wears different *faces* in different seasons.



In spring and summer, it reveals itself in dark, gangrenous swellings at armpit and groin.

The *tokens* of bubonic plague.



The victim then haemorrhages internally, and the stench of decaying flesh accompanies the onset of madness and *death*.

SIR JOHN!



In the colder months, the plague takes on *another* aspect, entering the lungs and causing a blood flux that can be spread from person to person by any close contact.

I THINK I MAY HAVE MET A NECROMANCER. HE WANTS THIS PAGE YOU GAVE ME...



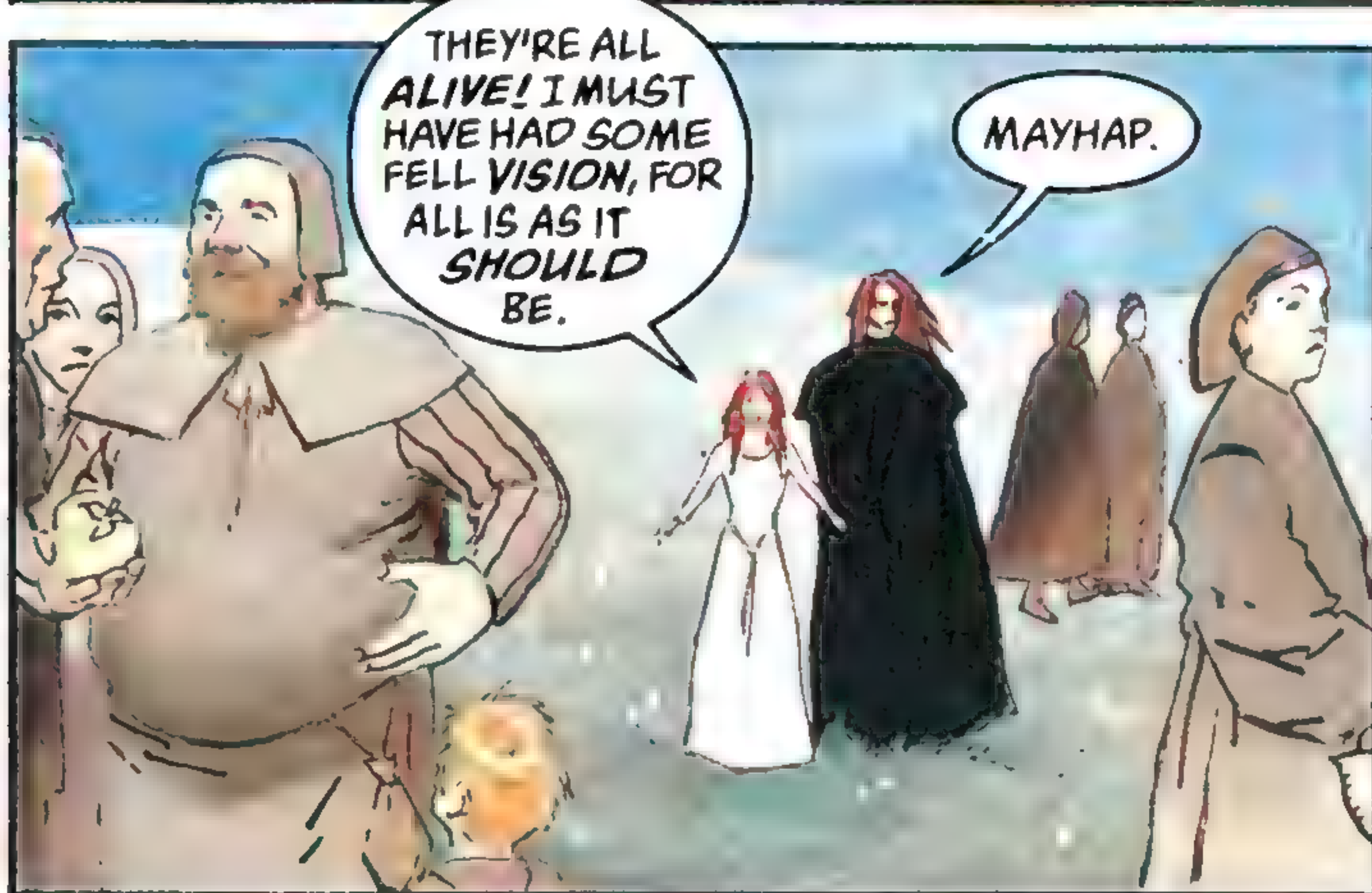
This pneumonic form of plague is the rarest and most deadly: within *hours* of exposure, the victim contracts a rash, and expires before the day is out.

I HAVE ERRED IN MY JUDGMENT.



When all three strains combine together, as they did in the *Black Death*, corpses lie where they fall, for no one is left to bury the dead.

LOOK! IT'S GONE!

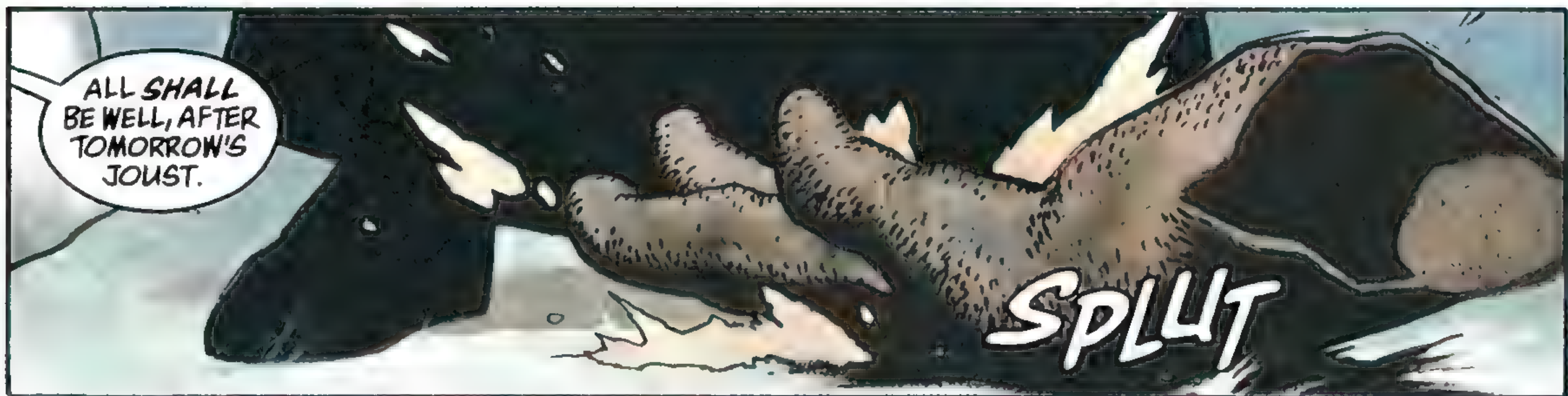


THEY'RE ALL ALIVE! I MUST HAVE HAD SOME FELL VISION, FOR ALL IS AS IT SHOULD BE.

MAYHAP.

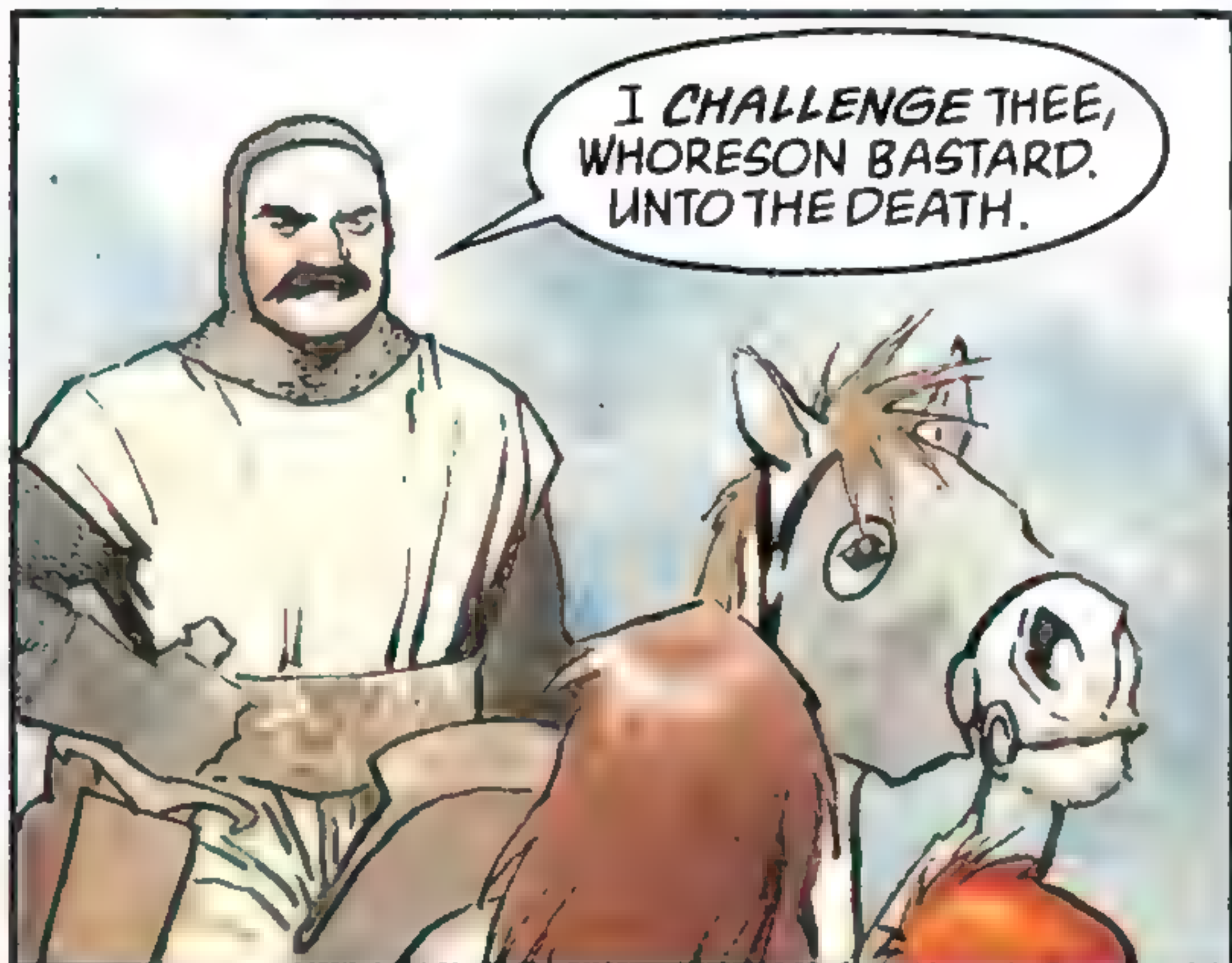


ALL IS WELL!

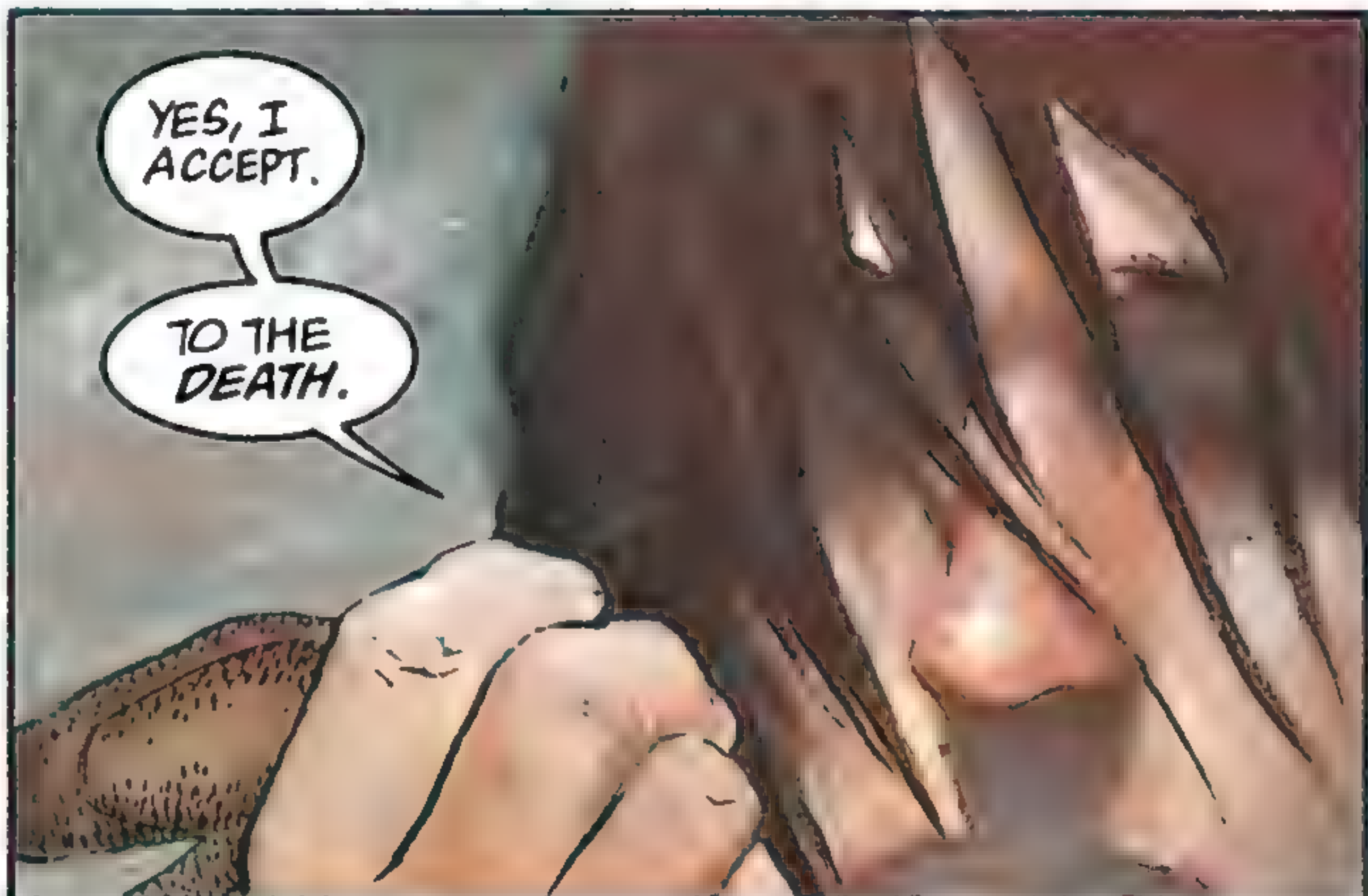


ALL SHALL BE WELL, AFTER TOMORROW'S JOUST.

SPLIT

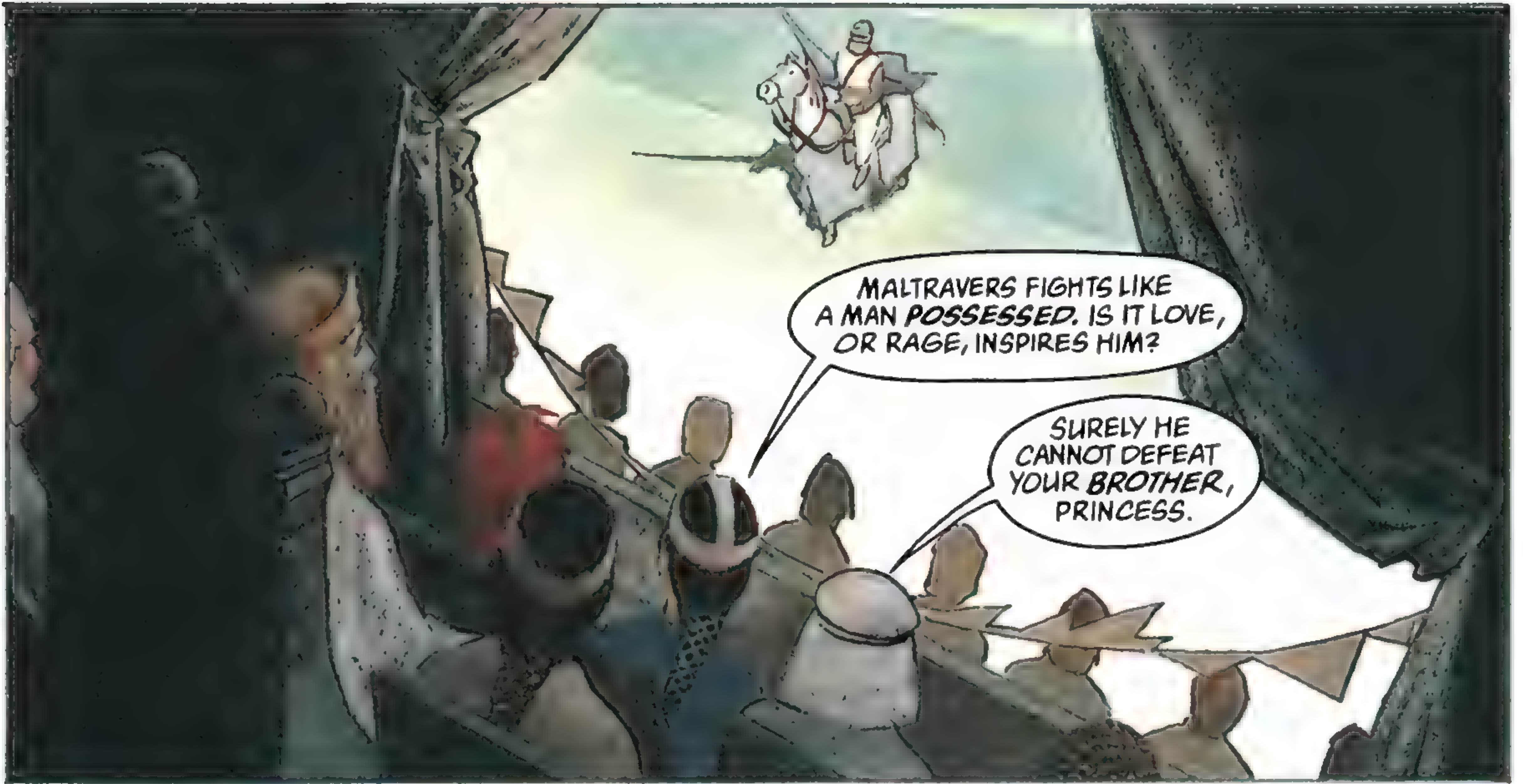


I CHALLENGE THEE, WHORESON BASTARD. UNTO THE DEATH.



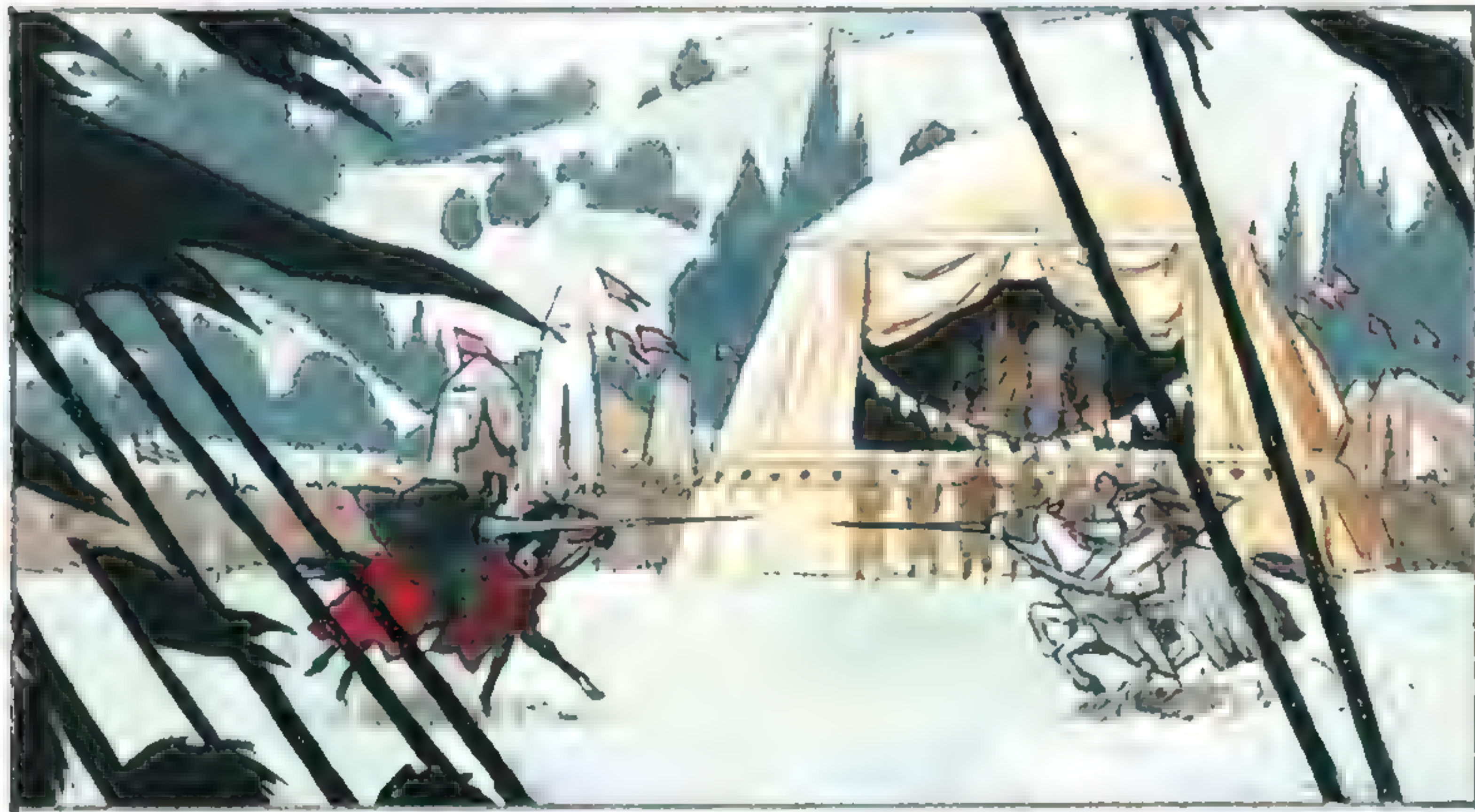
YES, I ACCEPT.

TO THE DEATH.



MALTRAVERS FIGHTS LIKE A MAN POSSESSED. IS IT LOVE, OR RAGE, INSPIRES HIM?

SURELY HE CANNOT DEFEAT YOUR BROTHER, PRINCESS.

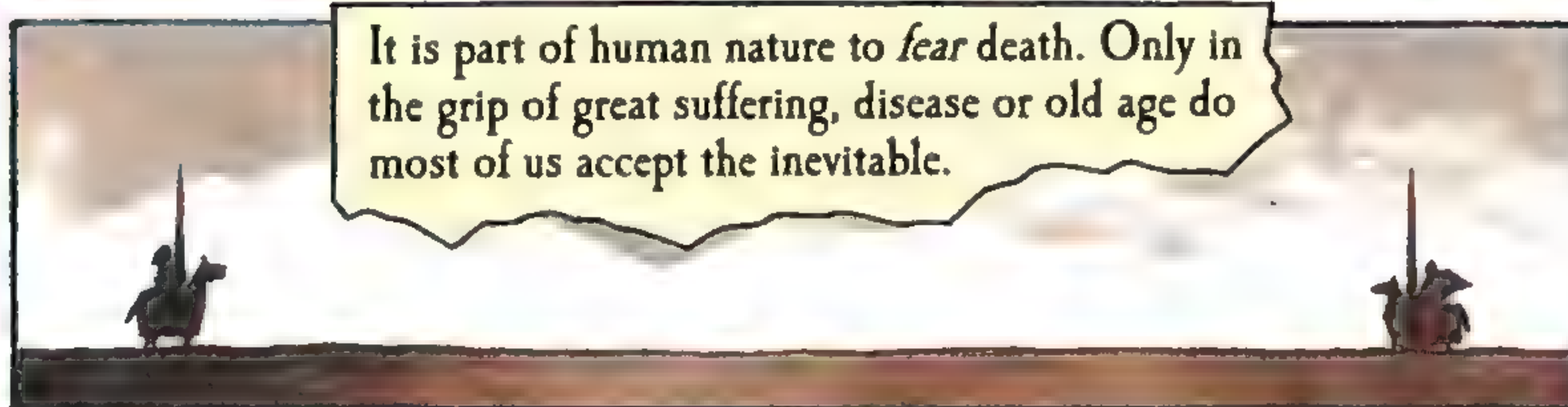
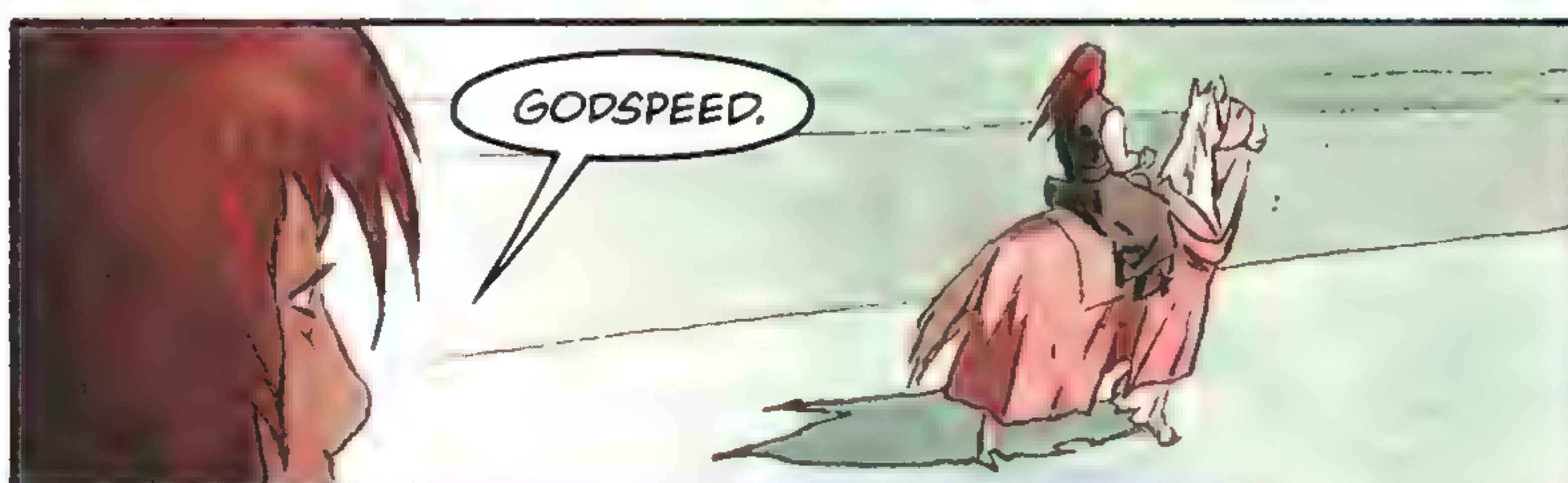


THAT'S A FINE HORSE, MY PRINCE, DID YOU TRULY MEAN TO LEAVE HIM SO SPEEDILY?

YOU ARE IN GOOD FORM THIS DAY, MALTRAVERS. I PITY YOUR NEXT OPPONENT.

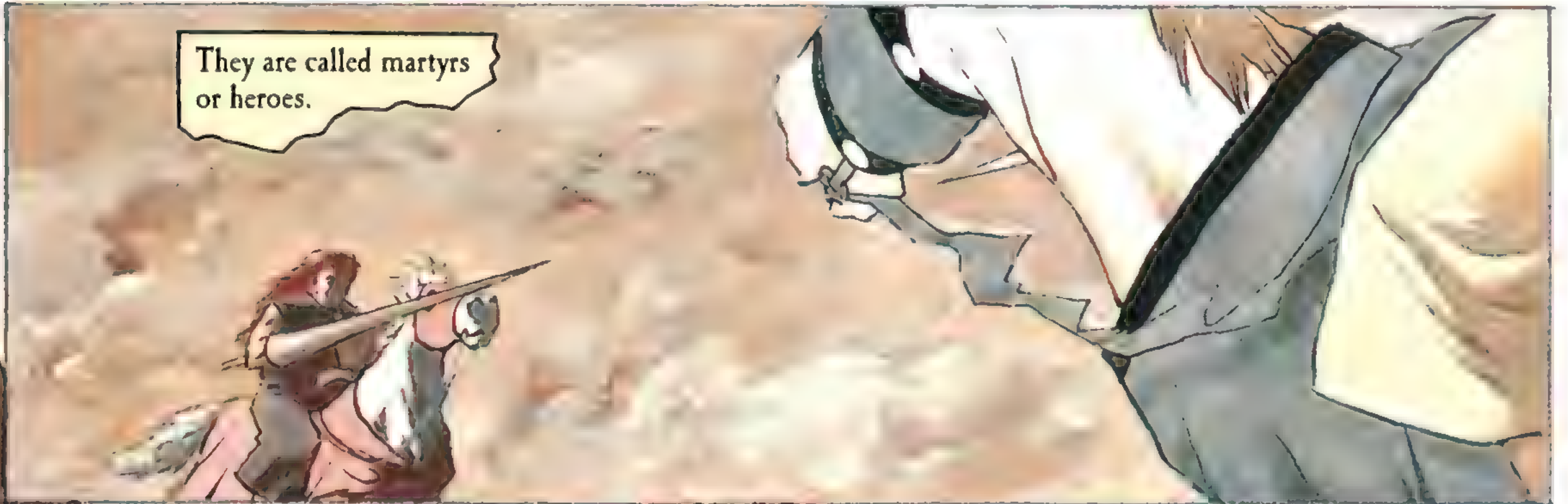


YOU MAY TAKE PITY ON HIM, BUT I WILL NOT.

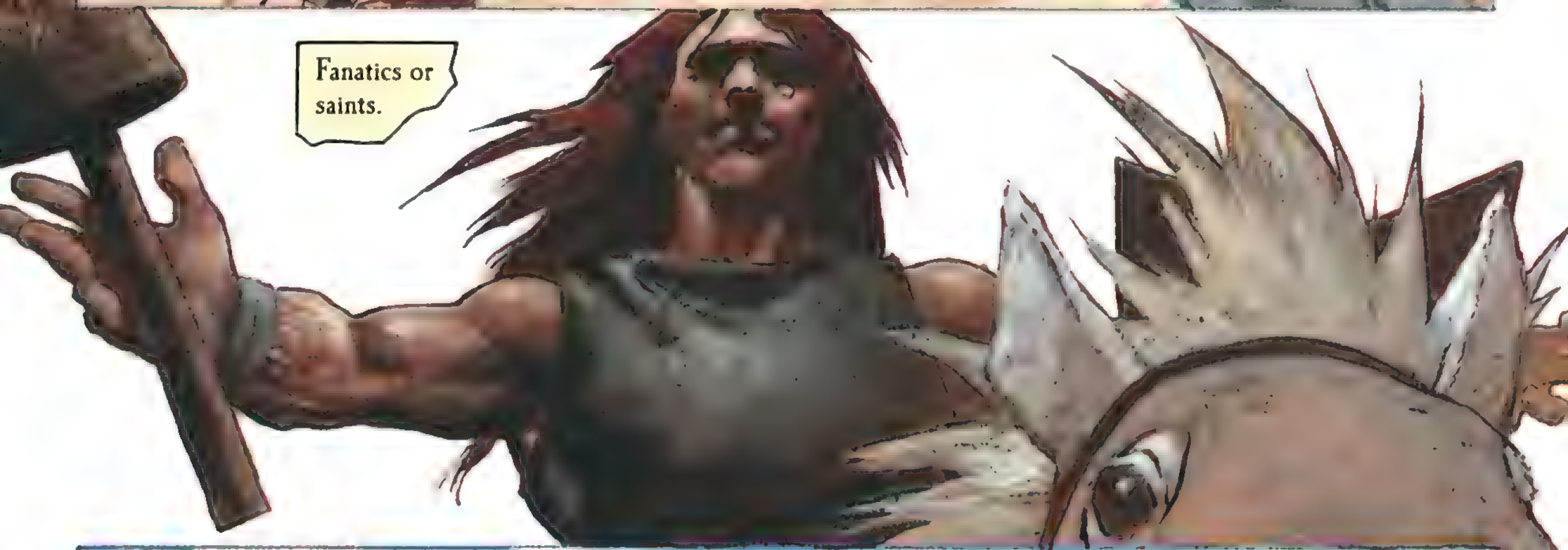




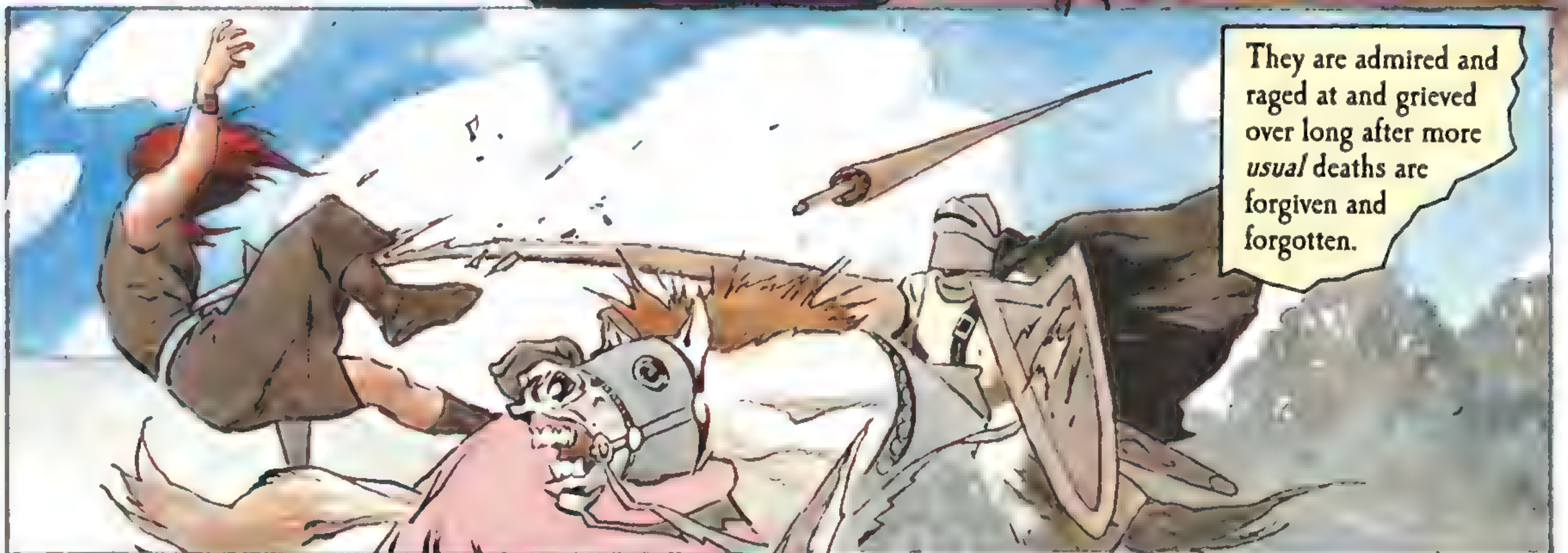
Those few who *embrace* it while youth and vigor remain are *forever* set apart.



They are called martyrs or heroes.



Fanatics or saints.

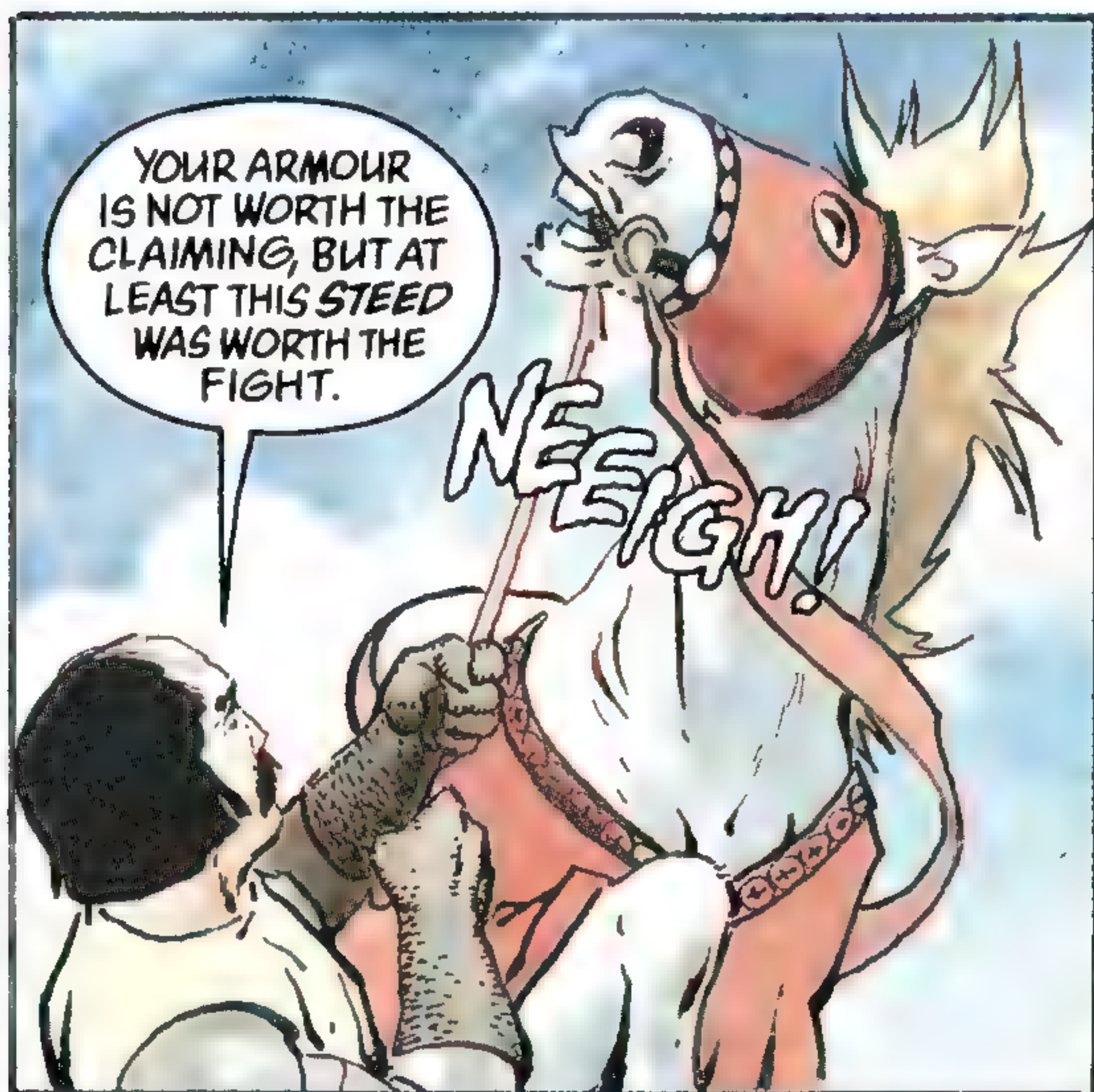
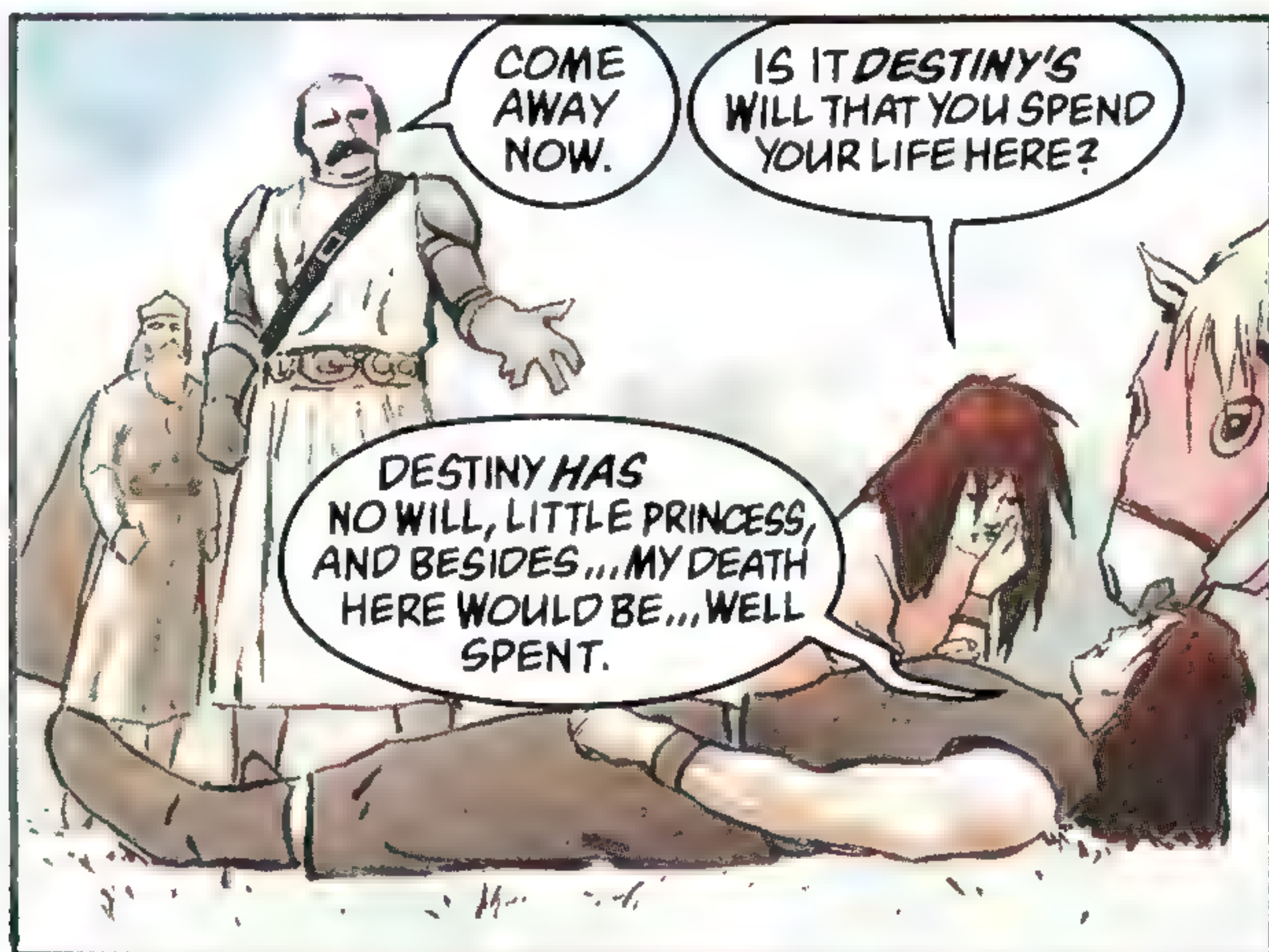
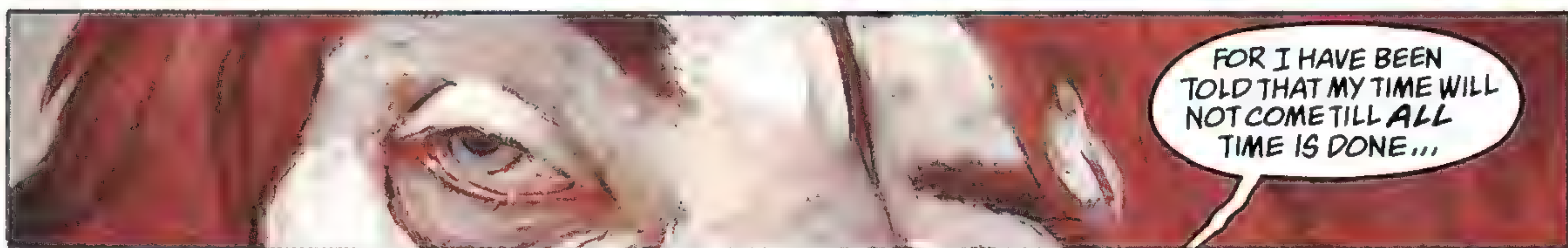
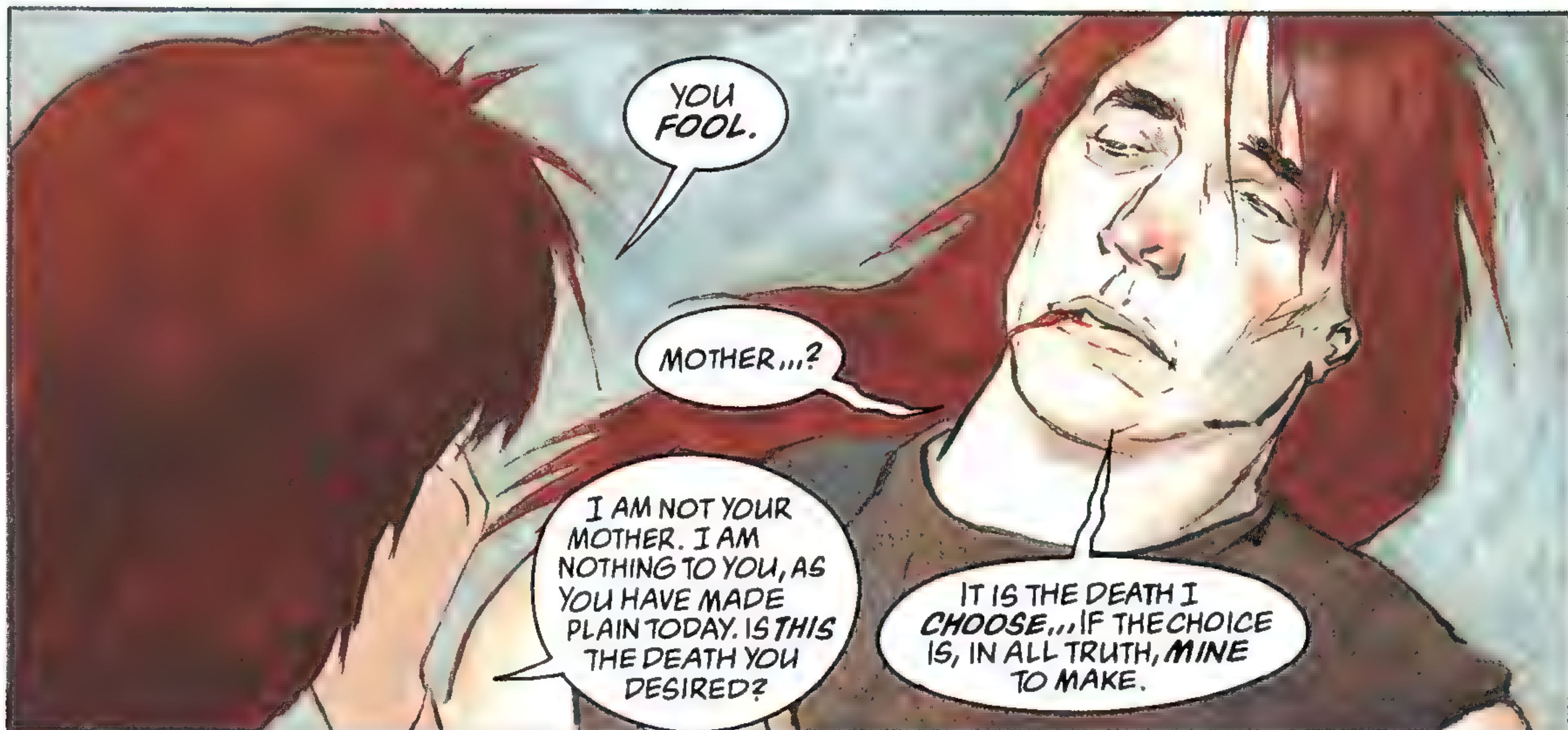


They are admired and raged at and grieved over long after more *usual* deaths are forgiven and forgotten.



They are the stuff of *legend*, and we half expect them to rise again.

Or pray that they do *not*.



A large, dark-hulled sailing ship with a white sail featuring a prominent red cross. The ship is shown from a low angle, sailing on a dark, choppy sea under a heavy, grey sky. The ship's mast and rigging are visible, and the overall atmosphere is somber and ominous.

The *Black Death* was coming to England, but before it could arrive, King Edward's youngest daughter sailed to meet it in Bordeaux.

Her journey brought her into the heart of a *necropolis*, where the putrid stench of spreading disease had replaced the dense aroma of the region's fabled wine.

A close-up illustration of a young woman with long, vibrant red hair. She has a pale, almost white complexion and her eyes are closed. She is wearing a dark, hooded garment. The background is dark and textured, suggesting a confined or subterranean space. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting her face and hair.

Joanne was spared her husband's cruelty, but not the plague's. She died two days after her arrival.



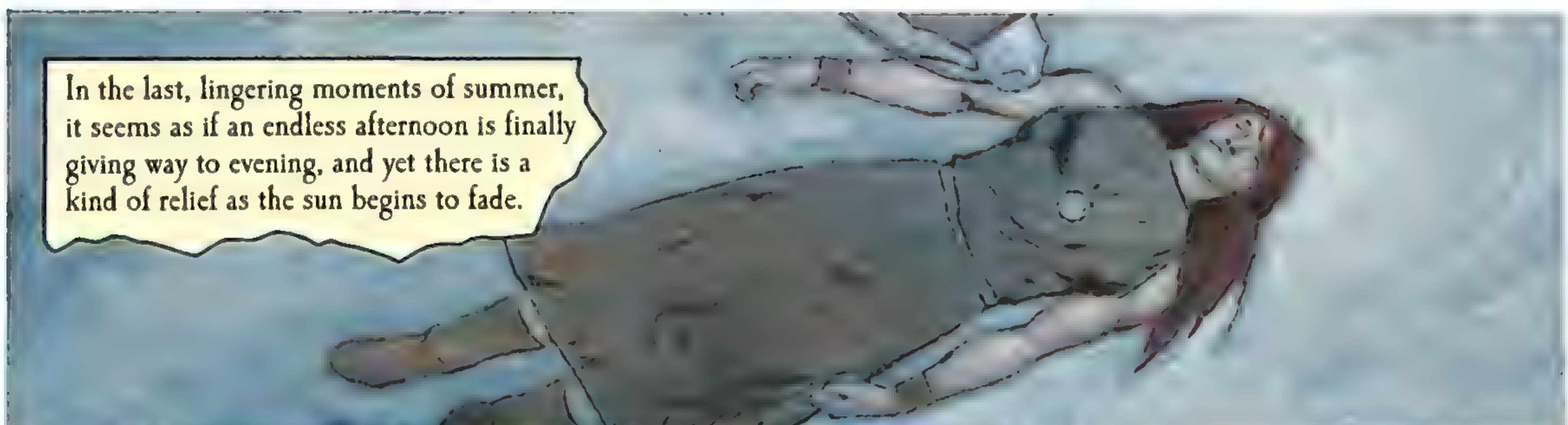
As reports of the terrible pestilence spread, the English court tried to avoid the contagious air of London and its environs. To no avail.

According to most sources, Maltravers was among the first to discover a plum-sized *knot* in his armpit. He mistook it for an injury from the tilting field.

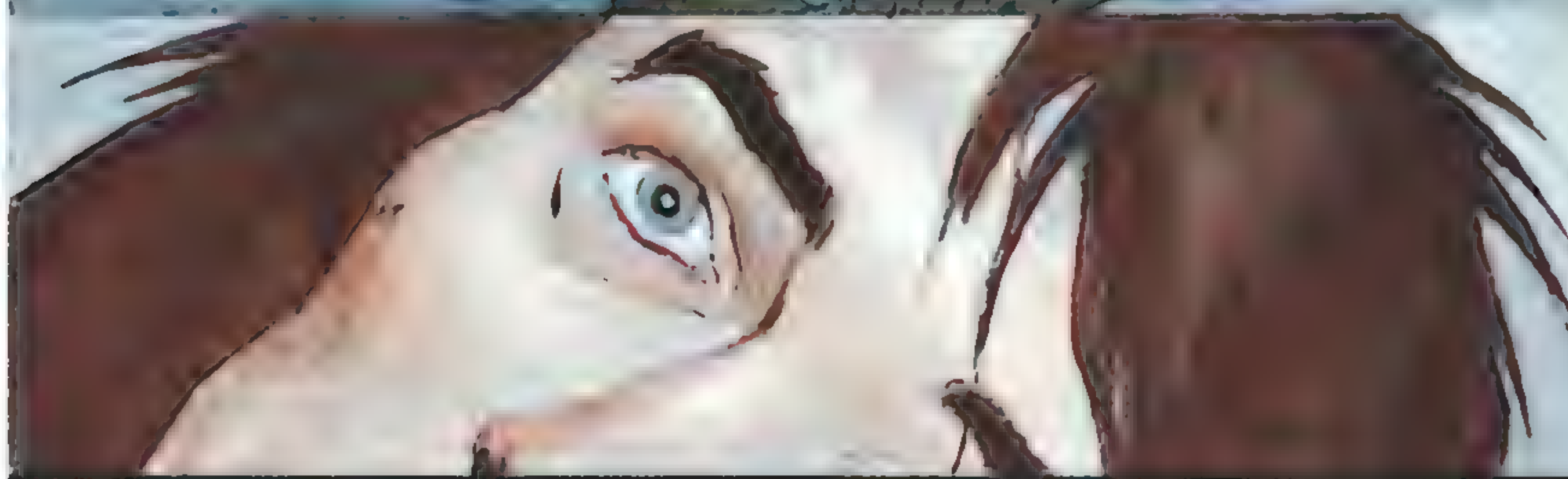
Then, in October 1349, pretty Alisoun felt a *headache* that would not go away. Redheaded Anne, who shared her friend's bedchamber, also shared her *fate*.

The handsome Margrave of Juliers, who shared *both* their beds, took until November of that year to die.

Isabella, on the other hand, lived to marry and bear children, and died of a lung fever at the age of *forty-seven*.



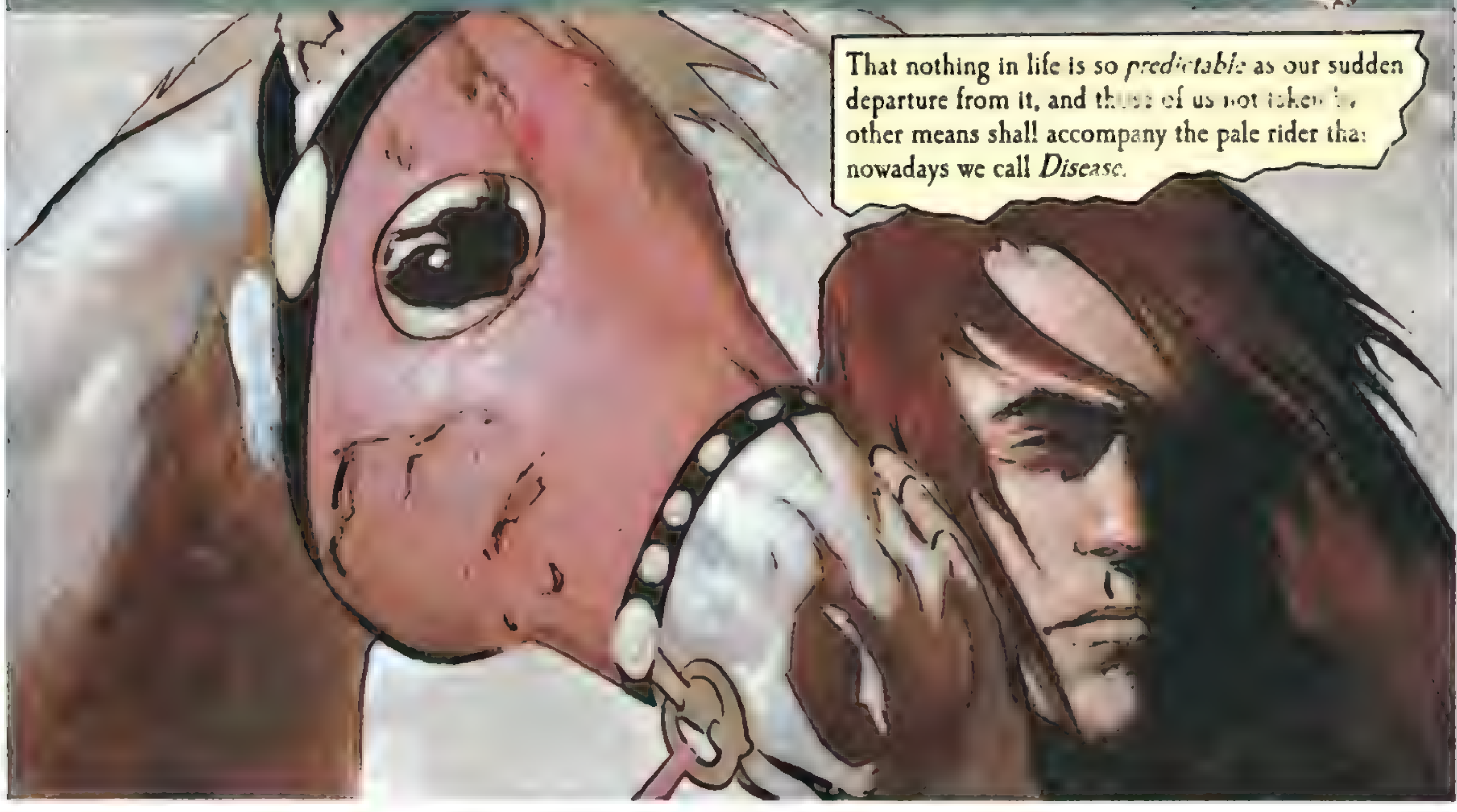
In the last, lingering moments of summer, it seems as if an endless afternoon is finally giving way to evening, and yet there is a kind of relief as the sun begins to fade.



It is almost as if that whole balmy season were a day-dream, and life, *real* life, begins with the sharp scent of bonfire and the falling of night.



Our grandparents called harvest the dying time, and made of Death a reaper. They knew the rituals which we have forgotten; they understood what we no longer wish to see.



That nothing in life is so *predictable* as our sudden departure from it, and those of us not taken by other means shall accompany the pale rider that nowadays we call *Disease*.

And so I hope that these old *stories*, borrowed from dusty tomes in forgotten libraries, have some grain of truth in them, for it comforts me to imagine that Pestilence abhors the task he has been given, and rides, not to bring *evil* into the world, but to escape the hand of *Destiny*.

THE BOOK OF DESTINY,
GRIMOIRE PUBLISHERS, 1899.



OCTOBER 31, 2009. FROM THE JOURNAL OF RUTH KNIGHT:

It's strange. Most of Ryder's story felt like a warped fairy tale—

—like one of those dark fantasy novels where there are lepers as well as leprechauns.

It didn't touch me.

The others, I think, felt differently.

OH LORD, IT SEEMS SO SAD. IF JOANNE HAD STAYED BEHIND--

BUT IF SHE'D KNOWN EXACTLY WHEN AND WHERE THE PLAGUE WOULD STRIKE NEXT, SHE MIGHT HAVE STAYED ONE STEP AHEAD.

SHE STILL MIGHT HAVE DIED. THE BLACK DEATH SPREAD **EVERYWHERE**, JANET. IT JUST REACHED SOME PLACES EARLIER THAN OTHERS.

UNLESS **KNOWING** HER FATE DIDN'T MEAN SHE COULD DO ANYTHING TO **CHANGE** IT.

WHICH IS IT, RYDER? IF THAT BOOK OF YOURS **DOES** PREDICT OUR FUTURES, CAN WE DO ANYTHING TO CHANGE WHAT'S BEEN WRITTEN?

WELL, I...

Just then, like in an old horror movie, came the knocking at the door.

boom
boom
boom
boom



ALL RIGHT, EVERYONE
MOVE *AWAY* FROM THE DOOR!
WE DON'T KNOW *WHO'S* OUT
THERE, SO LET'S TAKE EVERY
POSSIBLE PRECAUTION.



YOU
MOVE, MARTIN. I'M
ANSWERING
IT.



When I was young, my mother
told me that if I saw a wild
animal approach our house, I
should never touch it.

Because it was probably
sick or wounded
and near death.

Common wisdom,
I suppose.



GET THAT
FUCKING DOOR
CLOSED!



HE'S
GOT A POINT,
RUTHIE,,,

JESUS *CHRIST*, WHY ARE
YOU ALL JUST *STANDING* THERE?
SHUT THE *GODDAMNED*
FUCKING DOOR!



WHAT'S
THE *MATTER*
WITH YOU? THESE ARE
JUST *CHILDREN*, AND
THEY'VE BEEN LIVING
OUTDOORS.

THEY'RE
PROBABLY WEAK FROM
COLD AND HUNGER. THIS
GIRL COULD SIMPLY
HAVE THE FLU.



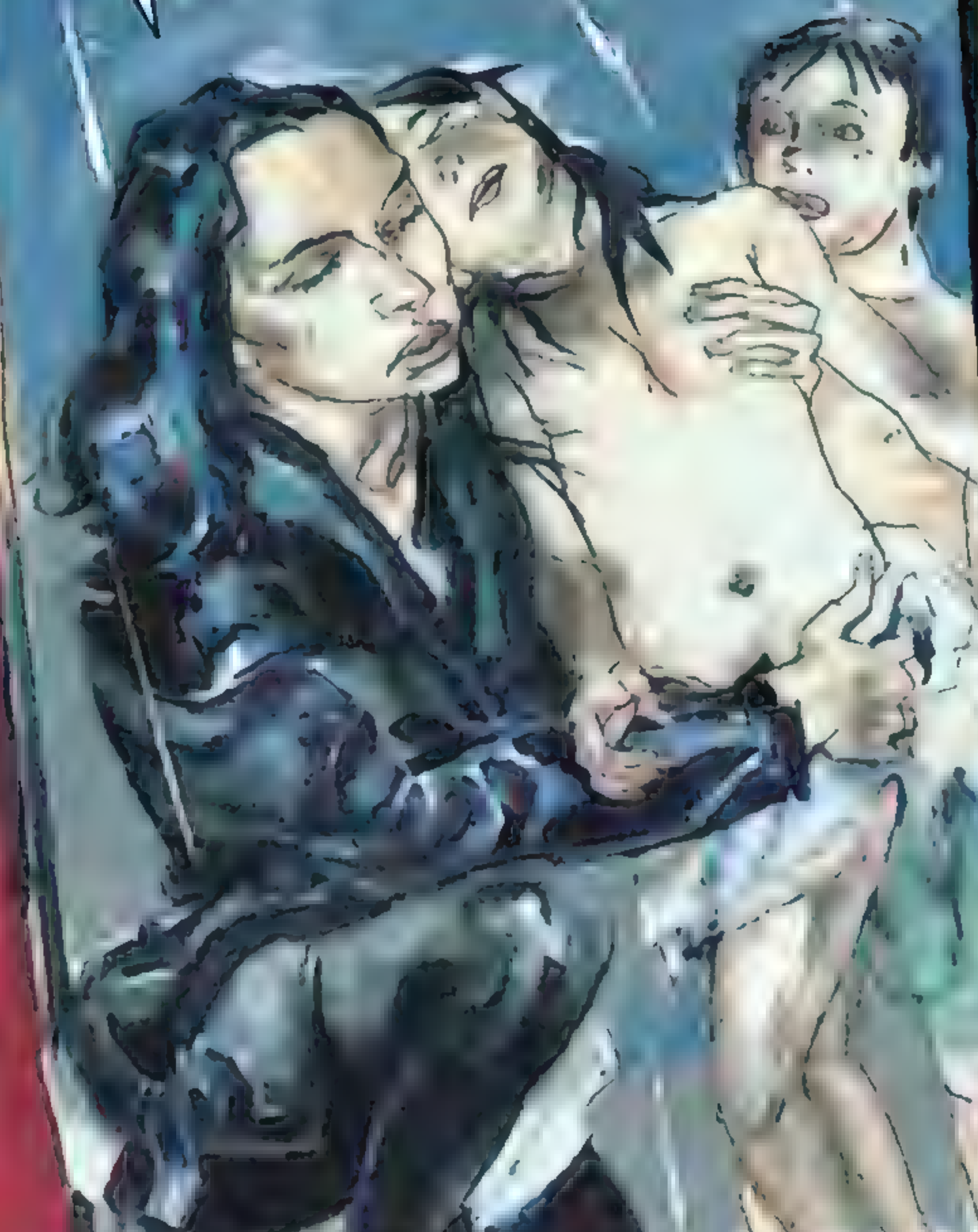
BUT WE
CAN'T KNOW THAT
FOR SURE, RUTH, AND
EVEN THE *BIBLE*
DOESN'T ASK US TO
LOVE OUR NEIGHBORS
MORE THAN OUR-
SELVES.



GO READ IT
AGAIN, JANET. I
THINK YOU MISSED
SOMETHING.



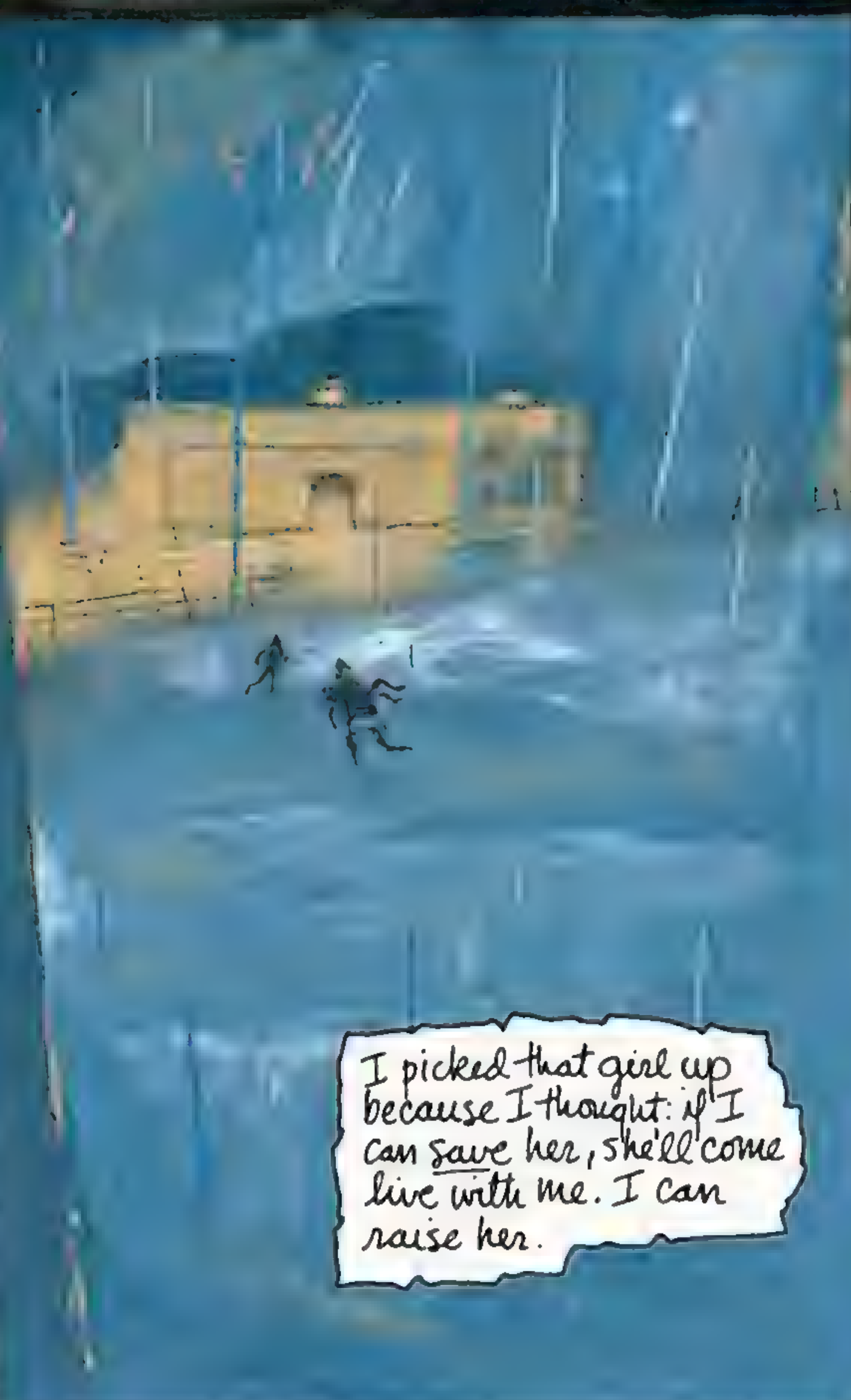
DON'T
BE AFRAID,
SWEET-
HEART.



S
I
A
M



For the record, I didn't
try to help that child
because I was noble,
or generous, or brave.



I picked that girl up
because I thought: if I
can save her, she'll come
live with me. I can
raise her.



And if she dies, I can
bury her, and be of
use again.

THREE YEARS AGO...THREE YEARS AGO I WAS **READY** TO DIE. I WOULD HAVE HELPED THAT LITTLE GIRL THEN, WITHOUT THINKING.

BUT NOW...

NOW IT'S BEGINNING AGAIN.

HOW **LONG** WERE WE EXPOSED, THOUGH? ONLY FOR A MOMENT. A MOMENT'S NOTHING. WE'LL JUST STAY **INSIDE**, THAT'S ALL.

WHY DON'T WE JUST LOOK IT UP IN THAT **BOOK OF DESTINY**, AND FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENS?

BUT WHAT ABOUT **RUTH**?

BUT I ALREADY KNOW WHAT HAPPENS.

DOES THAT MEAN IT'S **SAFE**? WHAT DID HE MEAN?

HE MEANS WE HAVE TO **BUY** HIS DAMN BOOK.

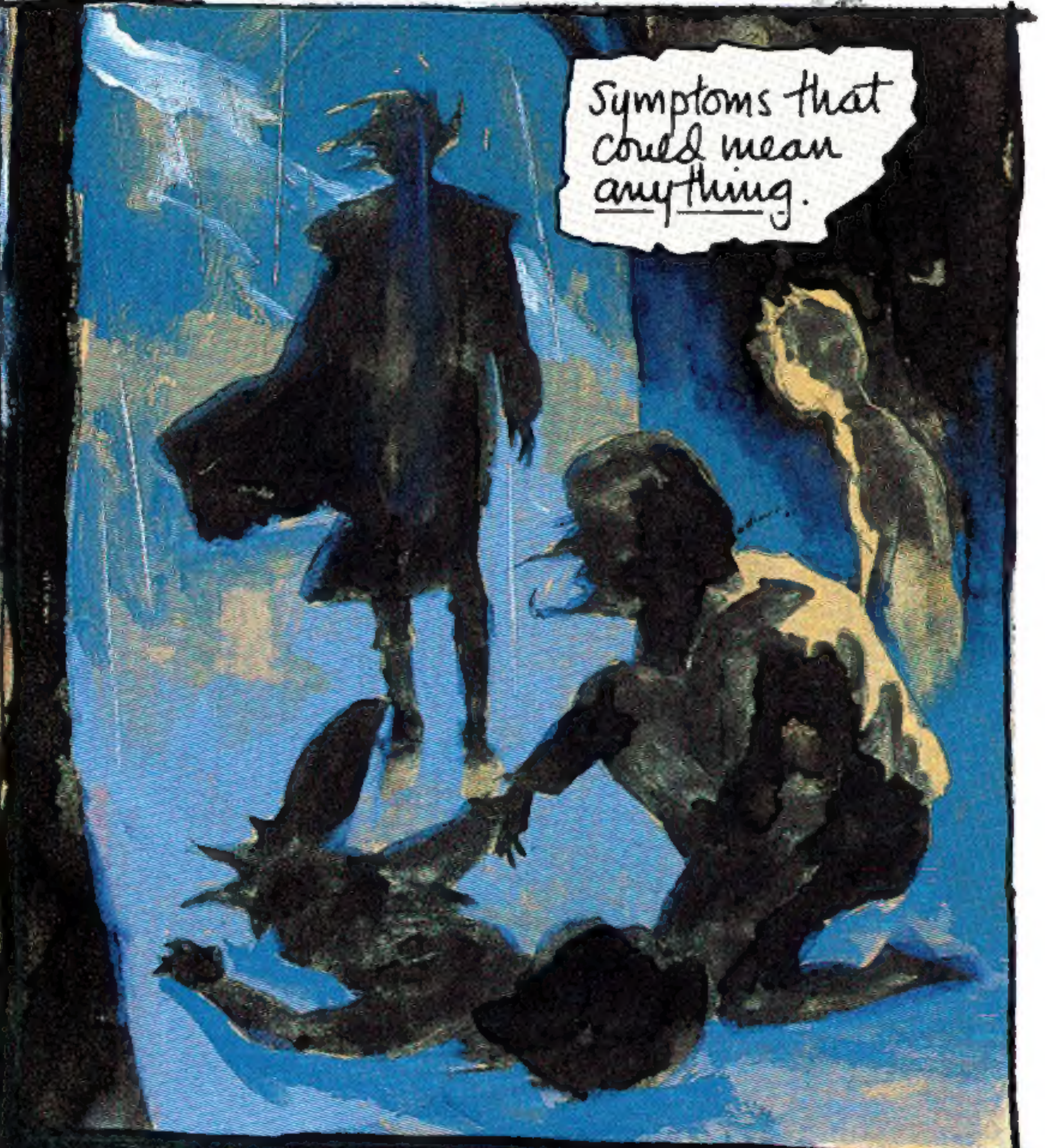
SO LET'S **DO** IT! ARE YOU WORRIED ABOUT THE MONEY? WE DON'T **NEED** MONEY!

NO ONE NEEDS **MONEY** ANYMORE, CLARISSA. AND IF **WE** HAD WHAT THAT YOUNG MAN WANTS, THEN HE'D STILL BE HERE WITH **US**... INSTEAD OF HEADING OUT TO A PLAGUE-INFESTED BARN TO FIND **RUTH**.

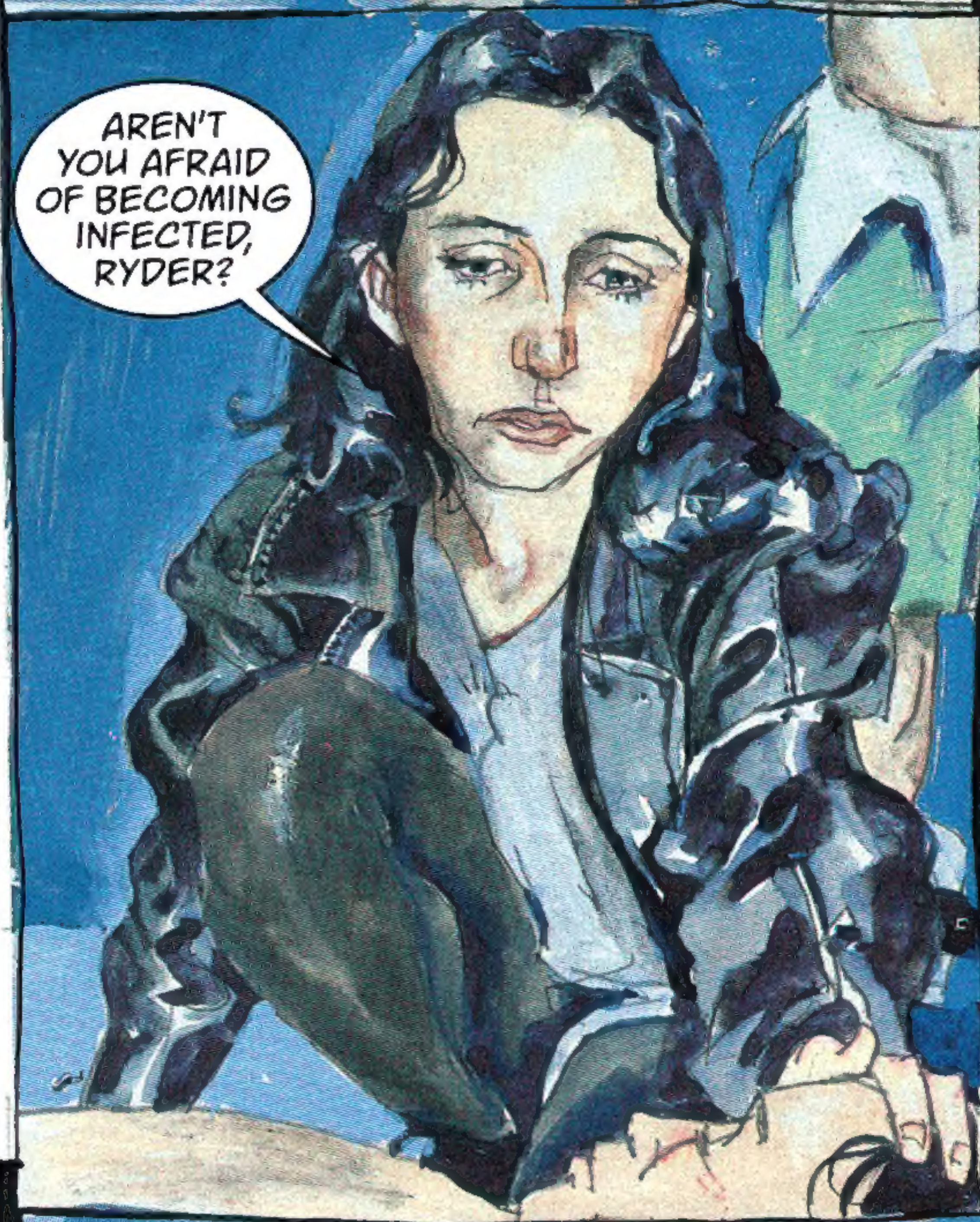
The girl was burning with fever,
and the light seemed to hurt
her eyes.



Symptoms that
could mean
anything.



AREN'T
YOU AFRAID
OF BECOMING
INFECTED,
RYDER?



NO,
RUTH. I
AM NOT.

BUT **YOU**
ARE AFRAID,
AND I CAN
HELP YOU.



YOUR BOOK
WITH ALL THE
ANSWERS. DOES
IT **TELL** WHETHER
THIS GIRL WILL
LIVE OR DIE?

But I think I already
knew that there were
answers that werent
in Ryder's book,
secrets that he
carried inside.

And even then,
before I knew the
whole of it...



WHAT'S HER
LIFE **WORTH** TO
YOU, RUTH?

...I understood
the question
wasn't rhetorical.



To Be Continued

THEY SAY THOSE WHO DO NOT REMEMBER
THE PAST ARE CONDEMNED TO REPEAT IT.



For the desperate survivors of a terrible
twenty-first century plague, a history lesson might be
all that stands between them and the grave.

But as the man called John Ryder weaves his tale of chivalry
and dishonor in the time of the Black Death, the lessons
of the past are interrupted by the horrors of the present.

Now, Ryder must reveal his true nature
to convince one young woman that he alone
has the means to thwart Destiny.



SUGGESTED FOR
MATURE READERS

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...
THIS MONSTER!"

